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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1868.

AMERICAN ADOPTED CITIZENS.

THE protection due from the government to its adopted citizen has always been one of the most delicate and perplexing questions with which American statesmanship has found itself compelled to deal in its intercourse with other nations. Great Britain, it is well known, has hitherto firmly adhered to the antiquated maxim "once a Briton always a Briton," while Germany and France have persisted in claiming military service from those of their subjects who had evaded the conscription by emigration. In consequence of these pretensions few adopted Americans could venture to revisit the land of their nativity without exposing themselves to annoyance and detention, if not more serious trouble. During our late domestic difficulties many instances of this kind occurred, but as our government had then too much to do with attending to its own affairs, little or no notice was taken of them, and the European states were thus perhaps led into the belief that we had voluntarily receded from the high ground assumed by Secretary Marcy in the celebrated *da Kozta* case. But the seeming indifference with which we submitted to this treatment was not destined to last, and it ceased at the close of the war with the Southern Confederacy. No sooner had the authority of the federal government been restored at home than steps were taken to vindicate its dignity abroad, and instructions went out to all our diplomatic stations to reopen the question with a view to a definite and speedy settlement. Previous to that period, although we had remonstrated time and again, and generally successfully, our reclamations had been conceded through the good offices of the representatives of the respective powers at Washington, but rather as a special favor than as a simple act of justice. Beyond this point the dispute had never advanced, for to grant the right of expatriation in the subject was an admission which was thought to conflict with all the traditions of the monarchical principle. Even England, in other respects so much more liberal and cosmopolitan than the continental states, would not consent to subscribe to the modern doctrine of denationalization, and insisted that the native owes perpetual allegiance to the state. In Germany and France the theory that the obligation to bear arms is born with the infant and cannot be cast off was rigidly maintained, and it made no difference if the debt was not due until the time for liquidation had arrived. On our side, it was argued that the individual retains his right of self-disposal until he is actually fit for military duty, and hence may avoid the responsibility by a previous change of domicile.

Between two such irreconcilable views no agreement or compromise seemed at first possible. Neither party could be expected to make a concession which amounted to a virtual abandonment of its fundamental argument. And not only did these questions involve a point of honor, but they touched closely the material interest of at least one of the parties to the controversy. The unprecedentedly rapid growth and prosperity of the United States have been mainly due to the circumstance that they afforded an asylum to the oppressed millions of the Old World who seek here a competency and independence. Our government was, therefore, deeply interested in encouraging emigration by all the means at its command, but the European doctrine of perpetual fealty, which rendered ever so brief a return to one's native land inconvenient, if not dangerous, prevented many from leaving it. Few men like the idea of separating themselves forever from home, kindred, and friends, and for this reason we insisted that the right of expatriation was an inalienable right, and that the severance of the connection between subject and ruler implied not only an extinction of all prior responsibilities, but conferred upon the new citizen all the privileges and immunities of a native American.

Such was the situation until about two years ago, when the European governments first began to show a disposition to make terms. To the late Governor Wright, our minister to Berlin, belongs the honor of having broken the ice. In 1866 he informed the State Department at Washington that Prussia had agreed to relinquish all claims to exact military service from such of her subjects from the Rhine provinces as had resided ten years in the United States. This partial concession naturally prepared the way for others, for the fact that the *Code Napoleon* obtains in the Rhine provinces could make no substantial difference in the merits of the question at issue. The next step was to exempt all Prussian subjects who had emigrated to America before the seventeenth year of their age from military liabilities. The last treaty negotiated by Mr. Bancroft, though perhaps not yet all we might desire, is nevertheless a distinct recognition of the American principle. The naturalized Prussian can now return home without the fear of the drill-sergeant before his eyes, and the example set by the greatest power in Germany cannot fail to have its effect on the minor states. France, the leading military power on the Continent, has not yet gone quite so far as her younger rival, but she also begins to abate her pretensions. Louis Napoleon, anxious to stand well with us during the last days of his unlucky Mexican adventure, consented to the following modification on the subject: All Frenchmen who have become *bona fide* citizens of the United States are now released from military service, provided that the proofs of such a naturalization, properly attested, are registered at certain designated offices. In relation to England, with which country our relations threatened at one time to become extremely critical on account of the Fenian movement, the prospects of an early adjustment are also brightening. Not only have nearly all the most prominent journals, *The London Times* among them, acknowledged the propriety of abandoning the old Blackstonian theory about allegiance, but a royal commission has been appointed to revise and suggest alterations in the naturalization laws which will meet our wishes. Lord Stanley has selected for this important work gentlemen of the highest reputation, who will bring to bear on the result an equal weight of legal learning and political ability. Indeed, in this respect we must confess that the dignified and conciliatory spirit manifested by the British Parliament and government presents a striking contrast to the conduct of our own Congress, on whose part the naturalization question has been discussed with a bluster and menace entirely uncalled for by the occasion. England and America seem to have changed rôles during the last half century. When the former waged her single-handed war against the first Napoleon, she used frequently to insult the young republic, while we shrank as it were from the idea of a collision with the mother country. This forbearance ceased, however, with the war of 1812. Before another generation had passed away the tables were completely turned. From the dismissal of the British ambassador, Mr. Crampton, and of the British consuls at New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, until the Oregon boundary dispute, the treatment of England by the United States has been arrogant and insulting to a degree. It was England that now recoiled from the risk of a collision with her offspring, and submitted to be bearded. The great rebellion broke out, and England committed the same blunder which Austria committed during the Crimean war and the Polish revolution. She would not side with either party, and yet managed to offend both. The seeds then sown have borne evil fruit. The hatred against England is deep seated in the nation. A war with her would no doubt be popular, and many Americans look with complacency to such a day of reckoning.

TEMPERATURE AND ACCLIMATION.

LANGUAGE has been exhausted of late to find words fittingly to describe the miseries inflicted upon most of the population of the United States during the last three weeks by the extreme heat. The number of deaths by sun-stroke has been very large, and the cases of illness unattended by fatal results must presumably have been far more numerous. There has been no epidemic disorder or any considerable prevalence of what are termed summer diseases;

the mortality and sickness have been occasioned by sheer excessive heat, which has transcended in duration and severity any experienced for many years. The metropolis has rapidly been emptied of its population—notwithstanding the repeated assurances of some artful newspapers that the town is cooler than the country—and the watering-places are crowded with gasping throngs, who agree, through tears of perspiration, that nothing like the surrounding caloric was ever known or heard of before. Cooling shade, the delicious surf of the sea, the long, breezy piazzas of our ocean-side and mountain hostels have charms unappreciated before, and, to such as are unable to enjoy them, magnify to those of an unattainable paradise. Meanwhile—pitifully enough—the list of suicides grows longer rather than shorter, and the dismal effects people were ascribing three months back to a wet, cold spring are now attributed to the withering heats of midsummer. The question comes home to us with great force at a season of such severity whether the theory that the European race does not inevitably and naturally deteriorate on the American continent is not well founded. An examination of meteorological records will, we think, show a thermometrical range during the past seven months of over 120° of Fahrenheit. To withstand the strain inflicted by such a diversity must, one would suppose, bear heavily upon the constitution. Man, it is true, is an exceedingly elastic and adaptive creature, and healthy acclimation has been shown to be possible in most places for most individuals. Yet what is immediately apparent may be in fact hallucinative, and the extinction of whole races when surrounded by unfavorable circumstances is an acknowledged historical fact. Such a process is necessarily gradual, and, were it proceeding now among ourselves, would, for obvious reasons, be regarded with incredulity by the majority. There can be, however, no doubt that most of us, being in a climate of such violent and rigorous vicissitudes, are living in an unnatural situation. We came, or our fathers came, from Western Europe, where a great variety of circumstances combine to produce a mild and equable climate. The predominating winds there, especially in the British Islands, are from the west. These are sea winds, vastly softened by coursing over great masses of water, of which the surface temperature even in January, at the parallels of 45° and 50°, is said not to fall below 48° and 51° of Fahrenheit. The land of our origin, too, is placed directly north of an enormous tract of tropical land which, by diurnal radiation, undoubtedly contributes greatly to elevate the temperature. On the north the cold natural to the latitude is ameliorated by several favorable incidents. But a very little land lies within the polar circle; and all northern Europe is separated from the polar ice by a belt of open sea, whose temperature is constantly elevated by reason of its communicating with the Atlantic, and because of the Gulf Stream, which carries part of the torrid heats of Mexico into the polar seas. All these circumstances are so far different as regards the continent of America as to produce results with which we are all familiar. Our race is here subjected to extremes of weather, hot and cold, wet and dry, to which it formerly was totally unaccustomed. We are obliged to resort, at various seasons, to artificial aids to raise or depress the temperature of our bodies, thus forcing the nerves and tissues to undergo a strain to which from time immemorial, if ever, they have not been called upon to submit. This may or may not be compatible with health. We very naturally see in the American type all that is normal, wholesome, and progressive. The European observer sees in our alternations of languor and feverish excitement, our shrinking chests and elongating limbs, and the gradual diminution in aggregate weight of our bodies, while that of our brain is stationary or even increasing, the certain signs of physical retrogression. Which of these estimates is nearest the truth?

NICE GIRLS.

IN a former paper we endeavored to point out some of the distinguishing characteristics of a personage who fills quite an important station in modern society, and who is known to his feminine admirers as the nice young man. Perhaps a brief consideration

of the merits and peculiarities of his female counterpart, the nice girl, would be not less interesting or instructive. Before entering properly upon the subject, however, it is necessary to warn the reader of one important difference in niceness between the nice girl and the nice young man, which results chiefly from the widely varying values of the word in the views of their respective constituencies. To a woman, as we before remarked, the epithet nice is a perfect chameleon of epithets, applicable at some time or other to everything under the sun, with the sole reservation that it shall be neither horrid nor splendid. And though in the case of the nice young man the adjective fits as no other possibly could, it is an accidental felicity resulting at best from one of those unconscious flashes of instinct which serve women better than reason. But a man weighs his adjectives more carefully, and the word nice conveys to his practised and discriminating mind a peculiar shade of significance which no other combination of letters could suggest. The moment he sets eyes on her the nice girl blooms out before him in all her perfectness as plainly as though the words were written in letters of light on every fold of her faultless garments. He does not exactly reason about it; but he is born into the possession of a mental abstraction labelled "Nice Girl," and his infant eyes have scarcely opened before they begin to discern the lovely answering reality. Only for him and through him the nice girl really exists; to women she is the merest of myths, the vaguest of unrealities, seen seldom by glimpses and but dimly through the darkened glass of incoherent masculine ravings. A man's nice girl women are utterly incapable of comprehending; even the nice girl herself would fail to recognize her portrait as painted by male pencils, nor knows in what precisely the elements of her niceness consist. She knows she is nice because she has been told so, but how, why, or wherefore are mysteries as deep as the hieroglyphs of Egypt or the *raison d'être* of canker-worms and Radical majorities.

Of course, women have their nice girls too. In the sheerest jealousy of disappointed curiosity they have set up an imitation idol at whose shrine they lavish the most extravagant incense of vague laudation. But it is only a very indifferent counterfeit, which not even its pretended worshippers believe in, and which men, when entreated to its cultus, dismiss with contemptuous pity. No man ever yet found a woman's nice girl provocative of any feeling but wonder and indignation at the misuse of that sacred adjective. And indeed anything more unlike his own ideal cannot well be imagined; as from the nature of the case was to be looked for. Those girls are nicest to Araminta's notion who have the good taste to avoid shining in the qualities for which Araminta is deservedly adored; who have, in fact, the consideration and amiability to be entirely unattractive and unmerchantable, so long as Araminta is undisposed of in the matrimonial market. Araminta's mamma takes pretty much the same view of it as Araminta; only the nice girl will gain immensely in her estimation who has the good sense to listen to her maternal twaddle while Araminta is waltzing so ravishingly with young Groenbachs, the Patroon's son; who can lend admiring appreciation to her recital of Araminta's virtues and her catalogue of Araminta's charms and accomplishments; who is not at all fond of dancing, thank you, and greatly prefers needlework to admiration; who is so quiet, so domestic, such a housekeeping little body—such a lovely disposition—in short, so extremely nice. A modest and unobtrusive wall-flower, born to blush unseen in dark corners and waste its sweetness on the desert heirs of horribly healthy uncles, or to adorn the sterile solitude of bashful and bald-headed bachelors of fifty, or gouty old married men, or portionless younger sons—this, to the majority, fulfils every requirement of nice girlhood. Prospective old maids, just as they are reaching the time for resigning their pretensions to matrimony and happiness, and before the canker of disappointed aspiration has mildewed the loveliest of tempers, are sure to be very nice girls indeed. Very often, from men, too, about this time, the last faint successes of that tact which is born of much experience may extort the admission that they are nice girls—nice

old girls, that is; an affectionate but not altogether flattering tribute to amiability surviving youth.

But to none of these must we look for the nice girl that men waltz with and worship, and less often wed; the nice girl one takes to the opera or to the Park, or to picnics or the races, in defiance of sisterly reproaches; the nice girl one praises rapturously to one's friends for a week, and forgets entirely in another; the nice girl one sends flowers to, and steals handkerchiefs from, and teases to make one those very costly slippers; the nice girl in whose albums, or on whose fans, one writes rhythmical nonsense of the most gushing order, descriptive of the pain which desolates a heart when pierced by Cupid's dart; the nice girl whose hand one squeezes in dark corners and quadrilles, whose rings one sometimes wears, and whose photograph one is eternally begging; the nice girl one is constantly on the verge of popping the question to, but somehow constantly never does. The *beau idéal* nice girl, the nice girl *par excellence*, our nice girl, is very unlike the girl that female fancy paints her. Masculine discrimination only, as we have said, detects and guarantees the genuine article. Of course, too, even here there are distinctions and degrees of niceness. At a certain age, just about the time one leaves college or becomes proudly conscious of the first tender efflorescence of whisker, or thinks Swinburne the greatest poet that ever lived, and says "By George, sir," or "pon me honor"—about this time all girls (possessing the one requisite of seniority) are nice girls. Even at a more advanced age, and with greater increase of the wisdom which comes (or doesn't come) with years, one finds it hard to shake off the superstition which makes all pretty girls presumptively and *prima facie* nice. But beauty is apt to be a delusion and a snare; some of the plainest girls we have known ranked among the very nicest. The only certain test of a nice girl which everybody will acknowledge and accept is some unmistakable sign that she likes you better than she does anybody else. The girl who does this is sure of reigning in one fond heart, at least, as the nicest of her adorable sex. Even though the liking be not at all returned, or perhaps greatly valued (and the admitted nicestness of any girl is no obstacle to one's loving some other), the compliment is still sufficient evidence of that taste which first and foremost every nice girl needs to have. A girl who has the art to give the same impression of preference to every one of her male acquaintance is, of course, sure of her position, and of the unanimous suffrages of her constituency, and, what is better still, of at least her share of invitations. She is the pearl of nice girls; but she is rare, as tact before thirty is rare. Now, as every one has a different standard of niceness, it is not easy to frame a formula which shall fit each individual case; which every man, reading, shall turn instinctively to his Arabella or his Clorinda or his Emily Jane, and confess the unmistakable likeness. Here, if anywhere, applies the rule, *Quot homines tot sententiae*. Nevertheless, without imagining we or any extraneous influence could regulate any masculine taste, it is worth the endeavor to give a few points of departure for the guidance of girls aspiring to general recognition as nice.

Our nice girl, then, is to be a blonde (brunette, of course, if you are fair), rather a lively blonde, age anywhere between fifteen and —, with not too much brains, and with what she has well in hand, lest the more wary of her possible admirers be frightened off. The slightest visible shade of blue in her stockings may be fatal to her pretensions. That former favorite delusion of the majority of men, that women have no brains at all, has been gradually narrowed down to the conviction that they ought to have none; and as it is too late to reorganize the world in accordance with our opinions, we do the next best thing by carefully excluding all traces of the noxious faculty from that social paradise where nice girls bask for ever in the sunshine of manly approval. Let her, therefore, who aspires to this honorable station be chary of her brains; otherwise she should play a little, sing a little, paint a little, spell a little if she likes, though this is not essential, talk a little, know a little poetry—Tennyson and Tupper will do—and dance a great deal. Indeed, dancing is the nice girl's strong point; she

should waltz like a sylph and galop like a seraph. During the season she may skate, not too well, so as to afford opportunities for bewitching tumbles and delicious shrieks of half-real terror, and rapturous pickings up. In the commonplaces of conversation she is to be deeply and thoroughly versed; the variations of the barometer she must have at her finger's ends, and must have, beside, that delicate art, only to be acquired by long and varied practice, which shall teach her when the weather is the thing to begin with and dilate upon, and when she is justified in launching boldly into a critical discussion of the latest opera or the newest shade of ribbon. She should have the knack, too, of rescuing her partner from whatever awful gaps or wildernesses of talk stupidity or ambition may have led him into; and must always show the profoundest interest in his decrepit stories and the utmost allowable degree of merriment at his feeblest jokes.

Good taste, as we have said, is a condition *sine qua non*, to be evinced not only in dress and toilette or that complimentary preference we have spoken of already, but in sweetly unconscious admiration of the very qualities for which one is famous. If you have black hair, for example, she adores raven tresses; if filaments of tow, she dotes on golden locks, etc. Amiable and good-tempered she should be, of course; always ready to play the piano and exhibit her arms, or sing like Malibran and Kellogg together her mother will assure you, or take a hand at croquet, not unconscious of a trim ankle, or indeed do anything in which she can at once be obliging and attractive. She will join, too, with the greatest good-humor and cordiality in your sarcastic dissection of the nice young man whom secretly she admires and whom, in your absence, she will, with extreme impartiality and cheerfulness, aid in her *revanche* of feeble vilification.

As with her male congener, locality, to some extent, changes her characteristics. In Boston, for instance, a nice girl is one whose appearance and actions are marked by the superior intelligence which pervades the air of that favored town; who is pale, frail, and generally flowerlike and interesting; who dances intellectually and not any better than a nice girl ought; who flirts as if it were a moral duty; who admires Mr. Emerson, thinks *Kathrina* a sweet poem, belongs to one of the best families, and lives in a swell front on Beacon Street. It is her peculiarity that she may wear spectacles or not without at all affecting her niceness, her nose having just that bridge curve of beauty which suggests and explains myopia—a perfect *pons spectaculorum*. Indeed she often adopts the articles without at all needing them, simply for the sake of their intellectual air; but she commonly combines intelligence and coquetry by wearing nip-nose glasses. The Philadelphia nice girl is more difficult to describe, because she leaves on the mind of the beholder no particular impression but one of extreme niceness and evident girlishness. She ought to have had a grandfather, however, so as to talk about her family, and some relative in the Loyal League. A nice girl in Baltimore is extremely pretty and bewitchingly disloyal; adores Harry Gilmor and the sunny South; sings *Maryland, My Maryland*, in a way to ravish all ex-Confederates, and takes every opportunity of confiding to you, in the prettiest way imaginable, her sorrow that you Yankees were not exterminated, and her conviction that Druid Park is several thousand acres larger and several thousand degrees handsomer than Central Park. In Washington there are no nice girls; the instant they develop they are either married or depart of their own accord. We have left New York for the last, because, of course, a New York nice girl is the nicest of all girls, and is known by being prettier, more graceful, and more accomplished, and by doing everything that is to be done better than any other girl in the world. We have heard that there are some nice girls in Brooklyn also, but in almost every instance strict investigation has revealed metropolitan extraction, influences, or breeding. The only peculiarity developed by a prolonged residence across the water is a somewhat morbid attachment to Sunday-schools and an unhealthy belief in Mr. Beecher. The list of differences might be indefinitely extended. We might show how the nice girl of Timbuctoo, for example, is remarkable chiefly for the extreme simplicity of her attire, and her

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freedom from conventional restraints; how the Chinese nice girl is admired for the smallness of her feet and the charming blackness of her teeth; how the Hottentot nice girl puts her chief claim to admiration on the abundance of her adipose tissue, and so on. The nice girl of Lapland, who adores train-oil and dotes on tal-low, would excite rather astonishment than admiration among the gorgeous beings who toil not nor spin on our hotel porches; and the nice girl of London, who prides herself on her color and condition, would arouse scarcely any feeling but voracity in the breast of an Otaheitan beau.

The aim and end of the nice girl's existence we shall be better able to define when we are informed why butterflies are, and flowers, and freedmen, and all other useless things of beauty that are still joys for ever. Perhaps, as we before intimated, they are created to mate with the nice young men; perhaps they are intended for the benefit of plain girls, by being so intensely distracting and fascinating that men are driven to plainness in sheer self-defence. After a while they vanish from society, and commonly reappear as pretty and consolable widows or very much married wives. And there we leave them. With their girlhood usually departs their niceness and their charm. It is the nice girl's peculiarity always to marry some one unworthy of her, by our default as we are secretly pleased to think, and so to settle down by degrees to the level of her husband's stupidity, or else become a nice married woman. In this phase she is dangerous, a peril to susceptible youngsters, and a thorn in the side of sentimental maids, until finally she brings her niceness to brighten the dusty aisles of the divorce court, and so fades from social history.

OPEN-AIR GAMES.

THERE is a well-known truism about all work and no play. Bookworms or model young men may find enjoyment in a "constitutional," but the young and sanguine prefer a more exhilarating development of their muscular Christianity; and even sober adults revolt against the monotony of an objectless walk. It may be very convenient to dispose of one's refractory son after his school hours by sending him to take this enchanting exercise, and to meet his boyish objections by suggesting the pleasures of hope and memory, or by urging the possible discovery of "Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." But unhappily refractory youths are often more partial to stones than to books, sermons, and peripatetic philosophy, and apt to betray an undue prepossession for physics by testing the products of the neighboring orchards or securing stray specimens of domestic fowls. To such perverse propensities the manly exercises act as a safety-valve; and emulation, the love of risk, and the craving for excitement find a healthy field on the river, the cricket ground, or croquet lawn. The misuse of the inevitable impulses of our nature at the card-table or liquor-bar may stimulate overtaken energies for a time, but fails to supply what is meant by *re-creation*—the replacement of the natural diminutions of the brain and fibres, and the renewal of the exhausted system. The climate, doubtless, has much to do with the development and prevalence of field sports in England, where such winter games as football and hockey are not prevented by the snow, and where one can even play cricket in the dog-days without danger of liquefaction. Yet our comparative indifference to out-door sports is not due solely to climatic disadvantages; there is among us a mistaken utilitarianism that despises unproductive exertions, and there is feverish competition for early fortunes. But vaulting ambition will o'erleap itself; the pace will thin the field, and even the most fortunate often admit that it would have been better to retire five years older, with a less sallow complexion and a constitution ten years younger.

In England, again, the fagging system of the public schools, like a military conscription, sends its forced levies yearly into the field; and ex-fags rising to muscular distinction, unhesitatingly inflict on others an athletic servitude which effects its own compensation. Those who understand the *état* attached to the positions of "Stroke" in the school or "Varsity" eight and captain of the cricket club, who have seen the spectators that grace the Eton and Harrow match or university boat-race, and who know how far the ancient seats of learning give the tone to their younger and less aristocratic rivals, can alone estimate the influence of these old institutions in supporting the man-

ly sports of England. Perhaps this is too free a country for games organized so arbitrarily, and few American parents would tolerate their son's being forced from his novel or his *dolce far niente* to the baseball ground. A little more *esprit de corps* in our schools might enable them to manage their sports efficiently on a voluntary system. In our universities, indeed, such a spirit is generally found. But if the boy be father of the man, so is the school-boy of the collegian; and it is hard for the American college to do in four years what the English school and university combine to effect in ten.

Without bearing any malice to base-ball, and wishing it the proper compliments of the season, we should like to see cricket a little more generally tried. We submit that it develops more points than its successful rival, that its record is older and more honorable, and that it improves vastly on acquaintance. In the latter merit, indeed, it seems to yield the palm to croquet, which has earned an increasing popularity here as elsewhere, and whose *rentrée* for the season has been so enthusiastically hailed by the knights and maidens of the mallet. The ladies' game, without encroaching on prescriptive rights, slowly and irresistibly urges its peculiar claims: that while congenial to youth, it is not beneath the dignity of mature age; that on its smooth sward the rivalry of the sexes is not unseemly; that it tabooes the brusqueries that too often decorate the ruder sports; that it is a pastime available for detached half-hours as well as for unbroken afternoons. It is worthy a place in the *L'Allegro* of some future Milton. The croquet lawn is indeed the habitat of "jest and youthful jollity," while its nymphs make a free and sometimes highly effective use of the "fantastic toe."

RULES FOR HOT WEATHER.

WE have been requested to publish the following precautionary rules of hygiene, which will be found both timely and trustworthy. We need scarcely explain how far we are from regarding the late terrible effects of the heat as constituting, from any point of view, a proper subject for a joke; but we do not feel justified in refusing to set forth in their original accuracy the code of precautions drawn up by the Metropolitan Board of Health, a garbled and plagiarized version of which has unhappily found extensive circulation in the newspapers:

1. Sun-stroke is most dangerous to the aged, the irritable, the youthful, the intemperate, the exposed, and the middle-aged. Sex, especially after the first symptoms show themselves, makes little difference. It seems to prefer men and women equally. (*Sol non curat continentale.*—Galen.)
2. Moonlight having been discovered to be only an indirect and insidious form of sunlight, any excess of it should be carefully avoided. Promenaders at Newport and Long Branch are earnestly invited to bear this in mind.
3. Temperance in food is highly important. Four meals a day will be found amply sufficient to support life, and to exceed this limit is dangerous, loss of appetite being the main result. No one, however, must go hungry for an instant. It is very reprehensible. On the first feeling of hunger, a few pounds of *mayonnaise de homarde*, *café glacé*, and dinner-pills, or, in humble life, cocoa-nut cakes and spruce beer, should be ordered at once from the nearest restaurant.
4. In the matter of drink, the great and peculiar rule relative to sun-stroke (discovered, after years of experiment, by a distinguished French academician) is, that beyond a certain point the less one drinks the better. Much danger may be avoided by patronizing gentlemen holding a license from this board, which, as is well known, insures purity and genuineness in all liquors sold.
5. If headache or any feeling of *tightness* across the forehead or elsewhere supervenes, let the person go in his carriage to the nearest cool place and employ the nearest cool person to pour ice-water down the back of his neck, just inside the shirt-collar. Seltzer or soda-water just dashed with brandy may also be usefully exhibited in many cases.
6. When obliged to be in the sun, do not refuse to perspire. It is very healthy, and should be willingly and thoroughly attended to.
7. Excitement is to be sedulously avoided. If any wealthy party should die, his nearest relatives should especially beware of excessive grief while in the sunshine. (*"Heredibus quoque moriendum."*—Paracelsus.)
8. Good physicians are so numerous, and so constantly in their offices, that no one is excusable for not keeping constantly within a quarter of a mile of one. The physician should be sent for at once on feeling any symptoms of heat. Laborers are recommended to club together and engage a regular gang physician, with umbrella and ice to match. Employers in this generous city will always be found ready to make a liberal allowance for the needful expenditure out of the wages of the employed.
9. Bathing the body occasionally has been tried and by some found beneficial. Wednesday or Thursday rather than Saturday night is considered the best day for the lower

classes. Iced sand-paper for the use of mothers with limited water facilities will be furnished on application at the office of this board.

10. Vegetables to be worn on the head are indispensable. For ladies, the leaf of the cabbage, cut in the fashion, with *moire antique* strings, dipped in icewater, forms a graceful and hygienic headgear. A green mustard-seed (or two, if there be room) under the ordinary hat is also excellent. For gentlemen, the chopped stalks of the onion, or one half peck of green peas, worn in the hat are best.

11. In cases of sudden seizure the person should immediately be rubbed from head to foot with a mixture of two parts snow to one part Scotch snuff, and small plugs of ice kept between the fingers, behind the ears, and under the arms of the person rubbed, and also in the mouth of the person rubbing. It will generally be better to remove the clothing before the rubbing.

12. Wetting the head from the inside with a compound of mint, sugar, ice, and other substances is an old and excellent preventive; but, if aggravated symptoms appear, nothing exceeds the efficacy of a sitz-bath of iced champagne.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND OF POOR HENRY.

II.

IN this manner the farmer's daughter had served him full three years, when one day poor Henry poured out, as usual, his complaints to the worthy family. With his sufferings they deeply sympathized; and, moreover, they feared that, should he die, a new and hard-hearted master might get possession of the farm. Talking on this subject, the farmer asked Henry how it had happened that at the famous college of Salerno no one had been able to cure him? Thus it came about that Henry told how he could be cured by the heart's blood of a pure virgin.

"This overheard the maiden pure.
For she, so lovable and sweet,
Held her loved master's feet
In her lap caressing.
She thus appeared a blessing,
In her child simplicity,
Fit for angel-company.
She of his words well notice took,
And treasured them in her heart's nook;
Her mind they nevermore now left,
Until that night, by sleep bereft,
When lying at her father's feet,
And eke her mother's, as 't was meet—
Both having fall'n asleep—
Many a dolorous sigh and deep
She heaved in sorrow double
For her master's trouble.
So very great became her pain,
From her sweet eyes torrents of rain
Did wet the feet of the sleepers."

The parents woke up and asked her the cause of her trouble. She told them she was sorrowing for their dear master. Next night she again awoke her parents by her sobbing, and this time added that she was ready, if they would only assent, to offer her blood for her master's cure. Father and mother grew very sad; and the father, by gentle words and threats, endeavored to dissuade her, but in vain. She answered:

"Father mine, dull I may be,
Yet I've sufficient wit to see,
As, too, from hearsay well I know,
Death is a strong and bitter foe
To the body human.
But neither man nor woman,
If long they labor for their life,
Care much to keep up this strife.
For when, by long strife dreary,
They reach old age, all weary
From mickle suffering and distress,
Death conquers them nevertheless.
If, then, their souls be lost moreover,
Better they'd never seen life's shore.
But me awaits the fate so bright—
For which I thank God day and night—
That my young body I may give
Th' eternal life with God to live.
Nor should you try to slacken
The vow which I have taken:
For by my death you too will gain,
'T will save you mickle pain
And suffering great, as I shall show:
For you hold honor and income now
Solely by our good master's will.
On him we're all dependent still;
For he no promise even,
No title or deed has given.
Now, while he lives to rent his lands,
Your case with him well enough stands.
But should he die, I much fear me
Our common ruin it would be.
Hence I've resolved our joint relief
With such cunning to achieve,
'That our great welfare may be won.
Let me, then, do what must be done."

Then answered the mother, beholding the maid so firm, coaxing and scolding:

"Remember, darling, dearest child,
How many labors and agonies wild
I oft have suffered that thou shouldst live.
Let me, then, better reward receive
Than I now hear thee speaking.
My heart is nearly breaking!
Softly, pray, thy words a part!
Or wilt thou all debts of thy heart
Break to us and to God lend?"

Recallest thou not His command?
He, my daughter, has said rather:
'Ever thy mother and thy father
Thou shalt honor and cherish.'
And added: 'lest thou perish;
And that thy soul may be happy in heaven,
And on earth to the body long life be given.'
Thou tell'st me that thou wouldst thy life
Gladly for thy parents give.
Yet wouldst thou now grief borrow,
And render our life one sorrow.
If ever thy father longed to live,
Or I, it was thee joy to give.
Hence thou, O dearest daughter, bright!
Shouldst be our happiness and delight;
Our body's relish and pleasure;
Thy sex's noblest treasure;
The staff of our old age.
But if thou, so wise and sage,
Doth make us stand over thy grave,
God no mercy for thee will have;
See, then, what thy reward will be."

But the little maid's resolution was not to be shaken. She continued to plead for the consent of her parents:

"By your good grace I do possess
My soul and a body full of grace.
All men and women sing my praise;
And all, whoever saw me, smiled
And said I was the comeliest child
Which the world had ever seen.
Grateful to you I've always been,
And after God shall ever be.
But mother, blessed wife,
Since this body and life
By your kind grace became thine mine,
Let me now do as I incline,
And turning me from evil
Rescue both from the devil,
And to God restore his own.
He pleases this world not too well;
Her greatest love is heart's grief;
This you may surely believe.
Her sweet reward is bitter sorrow,
Her long living is death to-morrow.
We're sure of nothing here below:
To-day 'tis well, to-morrow woe.
And finally death nareth.
This is pitiful and wearisome.
'Gainst this protects not wealth nor birth:
Beauty, strength, nor knightly worth.
Warrants nor virtue nor honor more
From death's tight grasp us to restore
Than dishonor and worthlessness.
Our life and our youth—'tis
All fog and dust.
But over all this dung so foul
A flowery carpet is outspread.
Who by its glow astray is led
For hell assuredly is born,
And to him is now forlorn
Eternal soul and bodily life.
Now remember, blessed wife,
Motherly faithfulness
And soften down your great distress,
Which you have and feel for me.
Let father, too, considerate be.
If I should happen so long to live,
And you me to a man could give
Who were rich and worthy too,
Fulfilled were all e'er wished by you;
And you would think I had done good.
I see't in quite another mood:
Were he me dear, 'twere e'er so bad;
Were he me loth, 'twere worse than dead."

By these and like pleadings the parents were finally led to suppose their daughter inspired by God. And they thought in their hearts that they would not and ought not to turn the maiden from what she had firmly resolved upon and been inspired to do by God. But when again they forgot in their love for the child its words and inspired mood, they both sat still in bed, trembling and weeping, and neither spoke a word.

Poor Henry, equally amazed at his "little wife's" sudden resolve to sacrifice her life for him, at first laughed at her, then firmly rejected, but finally was persuaded by the girl's parents to accept her offer. Amidst the cries and sobbings of all but the victim herself, who, joyously smiling, sat upon a gayly-bedecked horse, Poor Henry left with the maid for Salerno. As soon as they arrived there he went to the doctor and told him that he had brought a virgin, such as the doctor had demanded for his cure, ready to die for him. At first the doctor would not believe it. He called the maiden:

"He said: 'Child, tell me truly now,
Is this resolve thy own free speech,
Or did thy master thee it teach
By dint of threats, or eke by prayer?'
Then answered him the maid so fair,
That her own heart's entreaty
Had moved her to such pity.
This much surprised him, and leading
Aside her, with fervent pleading
He implored her and asked her
Whether or not her master
Threats had used to influence her.
He said: 'Child, it is need that clear
Thou shouldst perceive thy project's scope—
For, let me warn thee, there's no hope,
Although thou now shouldst suffer death,
Unless thou dost't with cheerful breath,
Thy fair, fresh body will be dead,
And we not helped a crumb of bread.
Keep not thy mind concealed, then.
I'll now describe you all the pain:
All naked must I thee undress—

In thy most womanly shamefulness
Must thou thus 'fore my view appear—
Consider how this shame thou'lt fear.
When thus before me thou stand'st bare,
Thy legs and arms I tie with care.
If to thy body and beauty
Thou owest pity and duty,
Reflect well how the cords will smart.
Then I shall cut out thy heart,
And living tear it from thy breast.
Now tell me, lady, how thy zest
Fareth speedy death to gain?
Never yet suffered child such pain
As I to thee must offer,
As thou wilt have to suffer;
Even me the thought gives fear.
Reflect, then, maiden, once more here:
If but one hair's-breadth thou repent
My labor I in vain have spent,
And thy young life thou'lt lost in vain.'
But the laughing maiden spake again:
'God reward you, dearest sir,
That the truth so frank and clear
You have foretold to me, poor maid.
In truth, I was in part dismayed;
Doubts grew fast and faster,
And I will tell you, master,
How the doubts came to grow
Which worry me no longer now:
I feared me, master, ever
My life would not be given,
Because to take it we'd find no man.
Your speech is fit for a woman;
You are company for hares;
You say you have many fears
Because, forsooth, I want to die.
Truth now, you act seemingly
Not with o'er great master-skill.
I am the woman and have the will.
If you have strength to cut me, sure
I have strength and will to endure.

A suffering which no greater is
But in one day 'twill pass away:
Methinketh this one painful day
Too dear has surely not been given
For a life of eternal bliss in heaven."

When he found her thus immovable in her resolution he led her into a small chamber, locking out Henry, that he might not witness the horrible sight. He then told the maiden to undress. "This did she readily and joyfully, so that she even tore her clothes in the seams, till she stood before him all naked and undressed; but of this she was not ashamed. And when the master thus saw her, he said to himself that more beautiful creature could not be found in the world." He placed her on a table and took the knife, which, however, seemed too dull to him, for he wished to make her pain as little as possible. Therefore took he a stone to sharpen the knife's edge. But when Poor Henry, who stood outside, heard this ominous noise his heart was moved with insufferable pity that he should nevermore see her alive; and spying an opening in the wall he looked through, and seeing her so beautiful and lovely in her nakedness, he suddenly, by violent effort, overcame all previous selfish and unworthy feelings. He made the master open the door, and said:

"This child so comely is and fair;
Truly, I could never bear
Witness of its death to be.
God's will be done with me.
We now must let her rise again.
What we agreed on for your pain
In silver gladly I will give,
But this sweet maid you must let live.
When now the maiden thus did hear
That her death-hour would not draw near,
Then, full of sorrow growing,
No manners then more showing,
She raged full wild; she tore her hair;
She looked so fair in her despair
That whoso'er had seen her there
Had wept with her, so debonnaire.
Bitterly then cried the lass:
'Alas, my poor soul, and alas!
Ah! me, what now will be thy fate?
How could I lose, e'en at the gate,
The glorious crown of heaven,
Which surely had been given
For all that I had suffered?
'Tis now that I am truly dead.
O Christ piteous!
What honors glorious
Were taken from my lord and me!
Now am I deprived and he
Of all the glories we'd have won.
If this deed had but been done,
Health to his body had been given,
And to my soul the bliss of heaven."

But neither her entreaties nor her scoldings could move Poor Henry now to consent to her death. Disconsolate she must return with him to their country; but so violent had been her disappointment that on the way home she fell sick, and was near death. "Then did He who tries men's hearts, and who had wanted to try these two right thoroughly in His love and power, take pity on their distress as He took pity on Job. Then did the Holy Christ show how dear are to Him fidelity and self-sacrifice, and separated them both from their misery."

Healthy and pure as ever, Poor Henry returned with the maiden to his estate amidst universal rejoicings.

The parents of the girl scarcely knew how to act, so great was their joy; "their greeting was curiously mixed, and their hearts so moved that the rain of the eyes fell upon a smiling mouth."

Now did Henry prosper and become wealthier than ever before. At the same time he turned his heart altogether to God, and obeyed His commandments more strictly than in former times. To the farmer and his wife he gave the farm on which he had lived with them in his misery, and his "little wife" he made his true wife soon after. A sweet, long life they enjoyed, and then entered the life everlasting. "May such be the lot of all of us, and a reward like theirs be our share, GOD willing, amen!"

MY RELIGION.

BY A MODERN MINISTER.

V.

THE PLAN OF SALVATION: FIRST VIEW, LOYALTY AND LOVE.

"To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."—FABER.

THE Founder of Christianity, the Author of the Christian faith, the Leader of Christians is—Christ. So Peter, in allusion to His resurrection, calls Him the Prince, the Leader of life; and in allusion to His ascension, absolutely, a Prince or Leader, and Saviour. So also the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews designates Him as the Author, or Leader, of our faith, and "the Leader of our salvation." More-over he shows at length also the nature of His leadership by comparing it to that of Moses, with which it agrees in kind, but differs in degree. Salvation is of God alone; and Moses was a leader and deliverer only as God's *servant*, ruling God's household according to His direction. But Christ is a Son as well as a Servant. He succeeds in due time to be the Head of the family over which He rules now as Moses did; and is, therefore, faithful not only as a Servant, but as a Son also, having a personal interest therein. This is the aspect in which Christ first presents Himself to us in the gospel narrative. He is a Religious Reformer; the Head and Founder of a new dispensation; a Prince and Saviour; the Leader of those whom He saves. It has already been shown that the essential requisite to salvation is *faith*. This faith is, in this view, a loyal and free confidence in Christ as able and willing to save. "Those who gathered round Him in the first place contracted an obligation of personal loyalty to Him. On the ground of this loyalty He proceeded to form them into a society, and to promulgate an elaborate legislation, comprising and intimately connected with certain declarations, authoritatively delivered, concerning the nature of God, the relation of man to Him, and the invisible world. Now, the legislation of Moses had been absolutely binding upon the whole community. Disobedience to his laws had been punished by the civil judge, and so had every act which implied a conception of the Divine nature different from that which he had prescribed. The new Moses had no civil judges to enforce His legislation, but He represented His unfaithful servants as liable to prosecution before the tribunals of the invisible world. He described those tribunals as passing capital sentences upon some criminals, and dismissing them, as He expressed it, into the *outer darkness*—that is, beyond the pomerium of that sacred city which is lighted by the glory of God. Who, then, are they? And what are these essential obligations? Under the Mosaic law, as under all secular codes, certain definite acts were regarded as unpardonable. Moses punished the dishonoring of parents and idolatry with death, *i.e.*, absolute exclusion. Now, in this respect the new Moses is infinitely more tolerant. There are no specific acts which are unpardonable to the Christian. No amount of disobedience which can be named, no amount of disbelief or ignorance of doctrine, is sufficient to deprive a man of the name of Christian; for it is held in the Christian Church that the man most stained with crime, and even most unsuccessful in breaking himself of criminal habits, and in the same manner the man whose speculative notions are most erroneous or despairing, may yet possess that rudiment of goodness which Christ called faith. But, on another side, the new Moses is infinitely more exacting than the old. For the most blameless observance of the whole law is not enough to save the Christian from exclusion, unless it has actually sprung from genuine goodness. It may spring from natural caution or long-sighted selfishness, and in the heart of the strict moralist there may be no spark of faith. For such a moralist Christ has no mercy. And so it became a maxim in the Christian Church that faith justifies a man without the deeds of the law.

This initial, faith, was to be taken by Christ and trained by His legislation and theology into something far riper and higher. But if the training should, through untoward circumstances, almost entirely fail, and faith remain a scarcely developed principle, bearing fruit but seldom and fitfully in action (*never* is inconceivable), still, in the Christian view, it is life to the soul; and the faithful soul, however undeveloped, is at home within the illuminated circle, and not in the outer darkness.

"All Christians look up to Christ, trust in Him, are prepared to obey Him and to sacrifice something for Him. He requires no more. This is the valid title to citizenship in the theocracy. It is the object of the society into which this motley crowd are now gathered gradually to elevate each member of it, to cure him of vice, to soften his rudeness, to deliver him from the dominion of superstitious fears or intellectual conceits. The progress of each citizen toward this perfection will bear proportion to his natural organization, to the force with which the influences of the society are brought to bear upon him, and to the stage of enlightenment from which he starts. With some it will be rapid, with others so slow as to be almost imperceptible. But the first propelling power, the indispensable condition of progress, is the personal relation of loyal vassalage of the citizen to the Prince of the theocracy. And the test of this loyalty lay, as we have seen, in the mere fact that a man was prepared to look up to Christ and trust in Him, to attach himself to Christ's person and obey His commands."*

In order, however, to obey these commands, and so reach the desired end, it is necessary for man to rise above and subdue the baser passions of his nature. This men in all ages have attempted to do by means of thought, reflection, and resolution. And these means have always proved ineffectual. Christ's plan is to control all these evil passions by developing in man a passion stronger than them all.

This all-absorbing, all-controlling passion is *love*—love to Him our Leader. It is a part of that loyalty which is the form faith takes when we conceive of Him as our Leader. The enthusiastic affection, the passionate attachment, which soldiers sometimes feel toward their general may illustrate this in small degree. The absorbing power of the love of one woman over the lives of some men may illustrate it also. Form the highest possible conception of such personal love: then add to it the conception of the loved one as possessed of all possible perfection, not in appearance only but in reality; conceive of all that is excellent in Him increased to an infinite degree; conceive of those excellences manifested to the human heart by special, direct illumination; conceive of that heart as excited to apprehend and love these excellences, by supernatural power; conceive that power as ever present, acting upon and intensifying this feeling of attachment to the loved one; and we may form some faint idea, perhaps, of what the Christian's love to Christ may be. The early Christians, "rightly regarding this ardor which they felt as an express inspiration or spiritual presence of God within them, borrowed from the language of religious worship a word for which our equivalent is 'holy'; and the inspiring power they consistently called the Spirit of Holiness, or the Holy Spirit. Accordingly, while a *virtuous* man is one who controls and coerces the anarchic passions within him so as to conform his actions to law, a holy man is one in whom a passionate enthusiasm absorbs and annuls the anarchic passions altogether, so that no internal struggle takes place, and the lawful action is that which presents itself first and seems the one most natural and most easy to be done."†

Now, this habit of holiness is developed under the operation of this all-absorbing love to Christ. Love prompts to please the loved one. Christ is pleased by our doing *right*. Love prompts to be like and to act like the loved one. Christ is our ensample in holiness. Thus all the force of affection becomes the motive power to holiness in the Christian heart, and this power develops, by exercise under Divine spiritual direction, until it pervades the whole being and makes the possessor holy as Christ is holy. This end is approximated also by other auxiliary operations of this love. This love is love to Christ; first, as the man, Christ Jesus. They who beheld Him on earth thought of Him at first as a man merely. When they learned His divinity also, this did not destroy their conceptions of His humanity. He was eminently human. He was perfectly human. The divinity aided the normal development of the humanity, so that He became a

perfect man, the model man for all the race. Now, this Man we love. We love Him passionately. We love His every attribute, for He is altogether lovely. And this same love we feel to every man who is like Him, in proportion as he is like Him; in other words, as he approaches the perfection of humanity. This feeling, moreover, is natural to us. It is natural to love our kind. Sad experience alone overcomes this natural propensity of the heart. But the love we bear to Jesus has overcome in His case the results of such sad experience; and not only in His case, but in the case of all who are like Him also, so far as they are like Him. "This is the love not of the race nor of the individual, but of the race in the individual; it is the love not of all men, nor yet of every man, but of the man in every man, and still further does it reach.

"As love provokes love, many have found it possible to conceive for Christ an attachment the closeness of which no words can describe; a veneration so possessing and absorbing the man within them that they have said: 'I live no more, but Christ lives in me.' Now, such a feeling carries with it of necessity also some degree of love for all human beings. It matters no longer what quality men may exhibit, amiable or unamiable; as the brothers of Christ, as belonging to His sacred and consecrated kind, as the object of His love in life and death, they must be dear to all to whom He is dear."*

Again, Christ is God; "God manifest in the flesh." What we know of God we learn chiefly through Him. He hath revealed Him. Through the love of Jesus we learn that God is love. Hereby perceive we the love of God. We learn both how lovely God is and how He loves us. Thus we learn to love Him; and "love is the fulfilling of the law" toward God and toward man. Love to Christ becomes love to God. Love to God is love of goodness; and the love of goodness is goodness, is holiness. To the extent to which we love God, to that extent are we holy.

Such is the first view we have of Christ and His salvation. By faith in Him as our Leader we are saved from all evil unto everlasting happiness. By love to Him, and love to God and man for His sake, we become holy as He is holy; and when thus perfected in holiness, when we arrive at the stature of the perfect man as it exists in Christ, we are translated to Heaven, to be for ever with the Lord.

The duties of a country pastorate have brought the writer into contact with many Christians who seem to have only this conception of Christianity, and this very imperfectly developed. The principal religious thought they have is that they "*trust in the Lord*." At times they feel that they love the Lord, in some degree love their fellows also; but chiefly do they "*trust in the Lord*." The most noticeable and most numerous instances of this are found among men and women past middle age who have received a little religious instruction, chiefly from the pulpit, though they have also read their Bibles (usually on Sunday) all life long. They have long "*trusted in the Lord*." They pray to Him regularly. They are satisfied that He hears and sometimes answers their prayers. When perplexed and troubled, they have sometimes found relief in prayer. "The Lord" has been good to them. They are thoroughly loyal to "the Lord." They do not like to be pressed with speculative inquiries. The notion designated by the term "the Lord" is principally of the Supreme Ruler and Governor of events—the One to be invoked—the *Elohim* of the Hebrew Scriptures. Of His infinite goodness and justice they have no doubt. They belong to Him. If pressed with inquiry they will name Him, after a reverent pause, as "God," this time designating Him rather as He is in Himself than in His relation to His creatures. Again, if asked whether they do not trust in Jesus Christ, they answer unhesitatingly, "Yes; He is the same." They have some idea that this "Lord," who is also "God," became man, or at least took the form of man, and went through at least the form of suffering and dying, which was in some unknown way necessary for our salvation. And that He did this simply because He loved us and wished to save us. They love the Lord. They have an attachment to Him. Without using the term, it is evident that they are heartily "loyal" to Him. Hence they endeavor to please Him. They try to think and say and do holy things, because that will please Him who is holy and loves holiness. Moreover, He is everywhere present; He is a Spirit. And they believe that they have spiritual influence to aid them in their endeavors to be holy. They do not always desire this influence as much as they ought to do. They do not always cherish it and act according to it when present. As a follower of Ignatius Loyola

might say, they do not always "correspond" to the grace given. But they hope to be enabled to persevere and at last to get to Heaven, and be both happy and holy there. They are not very holy nor very happy here. Intellectual enjoyments they have none. The labors of their hands occupy most of their time and attention. The interchange of affection, the kindly, encouraging sympathy, one with another, which make life so sweet, they have little of. The sense of sin troubles them. They do not find themselves overcoming it. Often they seem to become embittered and hardened by contact with the world. And, as they grow older, they long for rest. They say: "When shall I die and be at peace?" Yet the hope they have, such as it is, is steadfast, and nothing could induce them to forego their "trust in the Lord." Perhaps this is often but the blind grasping after the supernatural which the heathen feel, the instinctive clutch of the drowning man after anything that may support him in the hour of his extremity. At best it seems to amount to little more than the trust of the wisest and best of the Brahmins in the god whose reported *avatars* are shadows of the true incarnation of Deity. This loyalty to "the Lord," or even to "Jesus, my God," at first a strong motive to holiness, seems by-and-by to lose very much of its early effect upon the life. Yet they never give it up. They will die with it, or for it. With those of more intellectual culture it is different; often they seem in after days to look back to their early experience as a sort of delightful hallucination whose unreality they deeply regret, or of whose reality they still strenuously endeavor (and sometimes successfully) to persuade themselves. "There are pious men," says such a one, obviously speaking from the depths of sad experience,—"there are pious men who find their faith failing them in some strange way which they cannot account for. They are serious persons; they live honorably and righteously; they keep all the commandments; their path is that of the just; and yet somehow to their eyes it shines less and less, and evermore it gets darker and darker, as though unto perfect night. There are Christians who worship out of the same book of prayers which their fathers used; who keep the same solemn seasons of humiliation and joy which they wondered at as children; and who repeat the same creeds which they learned in their youth. And yet, in the anguish of their souls, they say every Sabbath, more and more bitterly, 'Lord, I believe more and more feebly; help Thou my unbelief!'"

"There are men who are now of little faith, and yet who once believed themselves to be in a state of grace. They sing the same hymns they used to, but not with the old fervor. Their seasons of religious joy are rarer and shorter than they used to be. And their belief in immortality is becoming only a pitiful persuasion, a Sunday feeling, a transient mood. The world is another world than what these persons first learned to be pious in.

"There are men who cannot read a scientific work, or peruse history as it is commonly written, or acquaint themselves with modern literature in some of its more popular volumes, or feel what the spirit of the age is, without being conscious of a weakening of their faith.

"Certainly there are some few men, as pure in heart as most saints have been, who long to see, and yet cannot see, in the world that now is any signs of there being a world which is to come. They would be willing to sell all that they have and give to the poor, if they could be told of a way by following which they could find themselves *within hearing of Christ*, and persuaded of there being treasure possible for them in Heaven."

He who makes this sad confession does it as an apology for issuing a book appropriately entitled *Happy Talk toward the end of Life*. As if any amount of talk of any kind could enable a doubting soul to "discern the religiousness of life!"* The fact that this amiable and earnest seeker after happiness is a semi-Arian scarce affects his testimony in the case; for in this view of God's plan for man's salvation it matters comparatively little whether the leader of our salvation be "God," or merely "the manifestation of God." The multitudinous instances thus exemplified show the insufficiency of this view of Christianity to make man happy and holy. So far as it goes it is a true view; but it is only a glimpse of the excellent glory. We long for more.

* William Mountford.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

(FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LONDON, July 8, 1868.

AFTER the mingled monotony and asperity which have characterized the speeches in Parliament this season and the endless repetitions of the same arguments for and against the Irish Church, it was quite refreshing to see a little bit of history acted, and the thanks of the houses formally voted to the Napier of our day and his officers and men from Abyssinia. Although the Napiers can scarcely be called great, each of the five who have within the last sixty years illustrated the name was, at the least, able; and to have in one family produced so much bravery, generalship, integrity and elevation of mind, and literary and administrative ability, is a circumstance of which Scotland may well be proud. Lady Napier was present in the House to hear those praises of her husband which must have been so gratifying to her, the attendance of members was very large—as was that of visitors, including many relatives of the officers commended—and the speakers were at once easy and brilliant.

The older men were unusually animated. Lord Derby spoke with the fire for which he was erewhile so remarkable; the aged Earl of Ellenborough repeated the remarks of the late Duke of Wellington, and hoped that the ill-blood caused by the mutiny was now effaced, since the Sepoys and the British soldier had again fought side by side; and told how, on a particular occasion, the British had cheered the Beloochees. Mr. Disraeli said that Sir Robert Napier had "planted the standard of St. George on the mountains of Rasselas," and that he had "led the elephants of Asia, bearing the artillery of Europe, over African passes which might have startled the trapper, and appalled the hunter of the Alps." Mr. Gladstone commended not only the successful commander but the conduct of his own great rival in supporting him. Sir Robert Napier, in the meantime, had arrived in London at six in the morning, passed the day with his family, and gone down to dine with the Queen at Windsor.

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WEBSTER AND THE CONSTITUTION.

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CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE HON. GEO. TICKNOR CURTIS AND JNO. R. THOMPSON, ESQ.

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SIR: Will you pardon the liberty I take, as a stranger, in addressing a note of inquiry to you?

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I will, however, with your permission avail myself of this opportunity to state Mr. Webster's real sentiments respecting the character of the general government, and the character of the states as political communities. He was called, at different periods of his life, to resist an extreme doctrine of state-rights that led to direct obstructions of the powers embraced in the Constitution of the United States; and because he maintained that this Constitution did establish a national government for certain limited and specified purposes, it has been most erroneously assumed in these latter days that his authority can be used to justify acts on the part of Congress toward the states which are entirely inconsistent with the idea that the states have any reserved rights of any kind. Mr. Webster was no extremist on any subject. He took no one-sided views of constitutional questions. He never failed to appreciate and to do justice to whatever in the argument of an opponent was worthy of attention. Mr. Calhoun once said of him, that he had never known a man who had the power of stating the position of an adversary so fully and fairly as Mr. Webster, and that he often stated it better than the adversary himself could have given it. It was this rare faculty, united with the conviction that our political system can only end in conflict and collision if the powers granted and the powers reserved are pursued to extreme points, that enabled him to avoid nice metaphysical subtleties, to keep his feet out of what he called "the traps of general definition," to "keep to things as they are, and go no further to inquire what they might be, if they were not what they are."

It may be worth while to recall the circumstances under which, at different periods and toward opposite sections of the Union, Mr. Webster had occasion to resist what was virtually the same in both instances—the doctrine of nullification. In 1830-33 South Carolina undertook to resist the collection of the revenue of the United States within her limits. In 1850-52 certain states of the North, among them Massachusetts, undertook to resist the execution of an act of Congress known as the Fugitive Slave Law. The opposition in both cases was an opposition to the exercise of powers conferred on Congress by the Constitution of the United States; for, although the revenue power is one of the powers expressly enumerated, and the power of extradition is only implied in the clause of the Constitution which stipulates for extradition, it had been repeatedly adjudicated that this power is implied, and it had always been exercised. In both cases state authorities undertook to judge whether the powers are embraced in the Constitution, and, on their own judgement that they are not, to resist their execution. It should never be forgotten that it was on both occasions against an encroachment by states on the powers of the general government that Mr. Webster took his stand. He was never called to resist a direct encroachment by Congress on the rights of the states. Were he now living, it cannot be doubted that his mighty voice would be heard in condemnation of much that has

been done within the two years that have just passed over us; and it is capable of easy demonstration, from his known constitutional opinions, that what has been done is entirely inconsistent with any doctrine respecting the nature of the Constitution which he ever held.

Mr. Webster held:

First.—That the Constitution of the United States embraces a grant, by the people of the states which ratified it, of certain specified powers of political sovereignty, to be held and exercised by a government which is, as to those specified powers, supreme and uncontrollable.

Second.—That all other political powers which can be embraced in the idea of political sovereignty are reserved to the states or the people. That this body of residuary powers, so far as it is conferred on the state governments by state constitutions, is perfectly independent of any authority conferred on Congress by the Constitution of the United States. That so far as the residuary powers are held in reserve by the people, Congress is no more their agent to exercise them than are the state governments; for, that the national government possesses those powers which it can be shown the people of the United States have conferred upon it, and no more; just as a state government possesses those powers, and no more, which it can be shown the people of the state have conferred upon it. On this part of the subject his whole doctrine is expressed in one sentence of his second speech on Foot's resolution: "So far as the people have restrained state sovereignty, by the expression of their will, in the Constitution of the United States, so far, it must be admitted, state sovereignty is effectually controlled. *I do not contend that it is, or OUGHT TO BE, controlled further.*"

Third.—That the proper authority to determine, in doubtful cases, how far the powers of Congress extend under the several descriptions or enumerations in the Constitution of the United States is the Supreme Court of the United States. That this authority was stipulated for by the people of the United States when they created the court and defined its powers; and that it is the duty of all state governments, and of all departments of the national government, to follow the supreme judicial interpretation of the Constitution, when one has been given.

Fourth.—That the states, as distinct political communities, "are unquestionably sovereign, so far as their sovereignty is not affected by this supreme law" (the Constitution of the United States).

Fifth.—That while, on the one hand, the whole machinery and harmony of our political system may be dislocated and destroyed by asserting that the state sovereignty embraces a right of defining, and so of curtailing, the powers of the national government, the same effect may, on the other hand, be produced by an attempt on the part of Congress to declare itself supreme in relation to things which the Constitution of the United States has not committed to its legislative authority. That the true way to avoid such consequences is to adhere to the Constitution as it is written, giving it no strained interpretations, and above all never undertaking to act upon the idea that there is any other law which can authorize us to disregard its restraints. "You never need expect from me," he once said to the people of New York, at Buffalo, "under any circumstances, that I shall falter from it."

It is thus easy to see that the sentiment imputed to Mr. Webster, which declares that our general government is "federal," in opposition to "national," can scarcely be genuine. Undoubtedly he held that the Constitution did establish a "national" government; but the sense and the extent in which he held the people of the United States to be a "nation," and to be under a "national" government, must be determined by something more than the use of these two terms, *federal* and *national*. It was his habit to avoid such general definitions; to take the Constitution and to inquire what specific powers are enumerated in it; and from these, and from the facts attending its origin and establishment, to determine how far the people of the United States are one people, and how far and in reference to what they are divided into distinct political communities. The true way in which to arrive at the *national* character of the government established by the Constitution of the United States, according to Mr. Webster's views, is to regard the fact, for example, that the coinage power is conferred upon Congress and is prohibited to the states, which makes the people of the United States a nation in respect to the sovereign act of coining money; but it does not follow from this that they are a nation in respect to the sovereign power of declaring the law of marriage, or regulating the descent of property. We

are a nation for limited and defined purposes, and not for all purposes; and it is only by keeping up this distinction that we can preserve what he called "things as they are," and can avoid resolving all political powers into a centralized mass. Whenever, therefore, in the writings of this great statesman the term national is found applied to the general government or Constitution, or he is found speaking of a national sovereignty, it must be understood with this qualification—that in respect to all the powers conferred by the Constitution upon Congress, it is a national Constitution; but that beyond this sphere, there is no national sovereignty that has authorized Congress to exercise any political authority whatever.

I am, very respectfully, your obt. serv't,
GEO. TICKNOR CURTIS.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.*

POETS not seldom have subsided into novelists—what is more, even into good novelists, as witness Alexander Smith and Mr. Bayard Taylor; but not so often do novelists rise to the loftier realms of poesy. Indeed, with the exception of Dr. Holland, who, after publishing what many people in Massachusetts and elsewhere accepted for a novel, has recently crowned his literary labor by the production of what he himself has called a poem, there occurs to us no precedent which George Eliot could have found to encourage her in a somewhat hazardous venture. Hazardous we call it, because the very completeness of her triumph in that department of letters which she had chosen—and choosing, had so splendidly adorned—might have suggested to her the severity of the ordeal which she risked in overstepping its boundaries. Success in any sphere is to most people a sufficient guarantee of fitness for that only, of failure in any other; and once we have adopted the theory, we are slow to accept any disagreeable facts that might tend to weaken or overthrow it. Yet, apart from this, there are no good reasons why George Eliot, granting the accomplishment of verse, should not write poetry. The qualities that go to make the first-class novelist enter largely into the composition of the poet; and in George Eliot's novels moreover, in the affluence of her style, in the intensity and richness of her descriptions, in the incisive brilliancy of her dialogue, in the vividness and force of her imaginative conception, which sets her characters before us as though they were living men and women that we had known and spoken with, there was much that suggested such possibilities of dramatic poetry. Not necessarily of lyric, which seems to us a truer, not a higher, manifestation of the poetic spirit, because evincing more or at least a finer quality of that purely imaginative originality and spontaneity wherein after all consists the true essence of poetry. What poetry is, it is easier to discern than to define; at least no one has yet succeeded in giving us a thoroughly satisfactory definition. It is not enough to say with Milton that it is the result of

"Thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers."

nor with Hazlitt, that it is "the language of the imagination and the passions," or "the natural impression of any object or event by its vividness exciting an involuntary movement of imagination and passion, and producing by sympathy a certain modulation of the voice or sounds expressing it;" nor with Poe, that it is the "rhythmic creation of beauty;" nor even with Ruskin, if our memory serves us to quote him correctly, that it is "the finest possible expression of the finest possible thought." Poetry may be all this, but it is also something more, and each of these definitions, like every other definition we have seen, fails in comprehensiveness. Without attempting to add to the list of these abortions of explanation, we may be content to claim, as we have said, that the real essence of poetry is imaginative originality—*poiesis*—creation. Now, imagination is the faculty which combines and transfigures the materials collected and presented to it by the memory and the intellect, a faculty, moreover, which relies on and complements the imperfection of the knowledge. But of imagination there are two sorts, which we may call, for want of better names, the realistic and the idealistic: the imagination which pictures to us the object, whether as it really exists or in its abstract conception, and leaves us to infer its relations, and the imagination which, gathering and com-

paring all relations, all aesthetic possibilities, so completely and defines to us the object. Necessarily, the former is definite, the latter is vague; but there is in this very vagueness a world of subtle, satiating delight, a charm we find in Spenser and look for in vain through Chaucer, a charm that spreads over the delicious lyrics in *The Princess* an atmosphere of sensuous delicacy that never touches us in *Childe Harold*. Only at intervals of ages comes a divinely gifted singer who combines both these qualities, like Shakespeare, who could give us Titania with the same pencil that drew Macbeth.

This analysis is necessarily imperfect, but it may enable the reader to understand why we consider George Eliot, in what is otherwise a fine poem, to have fallen short of the perfection of poetry. Her imagination, it seems to us, is of the realistic order. She is a Pre-Raphaelite of letters. In picturesque invention, in keen analysis of human motives and human passions, she is entirely at home; but we miss the delicate essence, the subtle aroma of beauty, that resides not in word or thought, but should pervade a poem like the perfume of a flower. Hence her lyrics are for the most part failures, though in point of mechanical execution extremely skillful; the Spanish assonances especially are imitated with much ingenuity. But for the dramatic element it is difficult to find praise too high. The story is calculated to furnish scope for the higher powers of the author, and her execution has not fallen below her conception. Don Silva,

"Born de la Cerdá, Calatravan knight,
Count of Segura, fourth Duke of Bedmar,
Offshoot from that high stock of old Castile
Whose topmost branch is proud Medina Celi,"

[a halting metaphor, by the way, since the topmost branch is the weakest], in the time of good King Ferdinand, loves Fedalma, a lovely waif reared by his mother as her own daughter. The duke's uncle, Father Isidor, objects to the match on the ground of Fedalma's suspected infidelity, and plots to get her into the grasp of the Inquisition. But her father Zarca, a Zincalo and ally of the Moor, escaping from the dungeons of Bedmar, reveals himself to his daughter, and demands that she shall follow to aid him in his great scheme of building up a nation out of his outcast race. Filial duty smothered the cry of plighted love, and she flies on the eve of her marriage, leaving Don Silva to follow in hope to bribe her father's consent to the marriage. But he finds the stern gypsy inflexible, and, in his passionate despair, the Spanish cavalier forgets his faith, his honor, his knighthood, and consents to become a Zincalo. Unwillingly he joins in the assault on his own fortress, and is fated to see his uncle gibbeted before his sight in spite of his pleas for mercy. Maddened and despairing, Don Silva stabs Zarca, who, with his dying breath, commands his murderer's release, and commits his people, as a solemn charge, to his daughter, to lead their exodus to the promised land of Africa. At the moment of embarkation the lovers meet once more, and for the last time, Don Silva being on his way to Rome to be absolved; and with this final parting the poem ends in an atmosphere of ineffable tenderness and sorrow.

It will be seen that here is ample material for the artist, and George Eliot has availed herself of it well. The great situations of the poem are three: Zarca's revelation to his daughter and her sacrifice of love to duty, Don Silva's recreancy, and the final farewell of the lovers. The struggle in Fedalma's mind when she is first made aware of the nature of the sacrifice that is exacted of her, her natural clinging to her human love, and her final heroic resolve to abandon all earthly happiness to carry out her father's wishes, are portrayed with the skill of a true artist. Finer still, if possible, is the subtle delineation of the conflict in Don Silva when, the first flush of passion over, he sees more fully the consequence of his weakness. The characters throughout are admirably drawn, as is to be expected from the author of *Felix Holt*—impossible, of course, as the incident on which the action turns is unnatural, but, waiving this, full of life and originality. Zarca is thoroughly unique in fiction, a grand creation, and Fedalma is entirely charming. Don Silva we find less satisfactory. Vacillating, weak, unmanly, he seems to serve only as a foil to the nobleness of his mistress, and the dramatic effect of the poem is even impaired by the impossibility of sympathizing with so irresolute and ignoble a nature. Yet even here one is compelled to admit the fidelity and consistency of the portrait. However false to the higher laws of poetic beauty, Don Silva is true enough to nature in his very masculine weakness; and granting the propriety of the conception, there is little fault to find with its working out. Of course, in point of form and expression, there is little to be said that will not be praise, though the versification is sometimes

rough, and there are more imperfect lines of this sort,

"Not excepted—must be ordered too,"

"In unsuspected secrecy to search him out,"

than we care to find. But these are trivial blemishes; and, on the other hand, we cannot hope to do justice to the richness and variety of the style, or to the wealth of verbal felicity and noble thought which is scattered through the poem. These the reader must find for himself; we can answer for it, that once he takes up the book he will not readily lay it down until he has finished what, if not a great poem, is at least an elegant work of art and a permanent and valuable contribution to English literature.

BEAUMARCHAIS.*

THERE is no portion of French history which has stronger claims upon the attention of the moralist, none more fertile in striking incidents for the writer of fiction, and none which presents a more degrading spectacle of sensuality and vice, of general profligacy and political debasement, of degenerate nobles, ambitious priests, bold intriguing women, and courtiers *sans honneur et sans humeur*, than the latter portion of the reign of Louis XV. Thoughtful and far-seeing men were not wanting—men who foresaw the terrible convulsions by which ancient institutions would inevitably be upheaved; men like D'Argenson, and some few others, who feared not to say that aristocratic exemptions enjoyed by a worn-out and too exclusively privileged class were dangerous; men who, like Mirabeau at a later period, were bold enough to assert that two elements only should be conspicuous in the state, the crown and the nation; but these were only looked upon as dreamers, their warnings were unheeded, their suggestions scoffed at, their projects for safe and gradual reform despised. The king was brought up under the most pernicious influences. Trained to despotism, intellectually weakened by a life of continual debauchery, he was alternately the victim of intriguing councillors and abandoned mistresses; not without intelligence to foresee the horrible abyss into which the nation was falling, he was too lazy and apathetic to exert himself for its preservation; allowing himself to be made the tool of each new schemer, he was content to revel undisturbed in the enjoyment of his own selfish pleasures, and rejoicing with indolent satisfaction in the *sobriquet* of *le bien aimé*, the bitter mockery of which he did not or would not see, he neglected the wise precaution of Henri of Navarre, who never sought to be loved until he had put himself in a position to be feared. It is not difficult to perceive that the great revolution really commenced at this period of universal corruption, and that the monarch who passed his evenings in cooking *ragouts* in silver stew-pans, and his nights in grosser revelries, was in a large measure answerable for the scenes of massacre which subsequently ensued; for the most tremendous chaos that the united wiles and strength of insanity, aided by the most profound combinations of wickedness, ever made of human society; for the four thousand political murders of the assembly; for the exiled nobility, their butchered families and ruined homes; and for the tragic death of the successor of a hundred kings, the overthrow of the monarchy, the suppression of orders, and the moral degradation and brutalization of the people, who, in what they considered the triumph of human rights, justified rapine and murder, trampled upon all laws human and divine, and outraged every feeling of humanity.

The earliest scenes of which we have any record in the extraordinary and checkered life of the satirical dramatist Beaumarchais, occurred while Madame de Pompadour exerted a powerful influence over the king, and through him over the destinies of France. As tutor to the princesses, and in close relation with the court party opposed to the influence of the favorite, Beaumarchais played an active and important, but not openly prominent, part in many of the intrigues which constituted the sole occupation of the circle surrounding the throne, the numerous incidents and extraordinary combinations of which—sometimes tending to great results—are more fully and more amusingly narrated in the *Chroniques de l'ail de bœuf*; but although in the present work the author loses by comparison with the lively and witty French chronicler, his story is marked by greater circumspection, and is therefore more in accordance with the taste of the day. We must, however, object to his tediousness in description, and especially in the conversations accredited to some of the most brilliant men in France. The attempt to put words in the

*Beaumarchais: An historical Novel. By A. E. Brachvogel. Translated from the German by Thérèse J. Radford. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.

*The Spanish Gypsy: A Poem. By George Eliot, author of *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

(FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LONDON, July 8, 1868.

AFTER the mingled monotony and asperity which have characterized the speeches in Parliament this season and the endless repetitions of the same arguments for and against the Irish Church, it was quite refreshing to see a little bit of history acted, and the thanks of the houses formally voted to the Napier of our day and his officers and men from Abyssinia. Although the Napiers can scarcely be called great, each of the five who have within the last sixty years illustrated the name was, at the least, able; and to have in one family produced so much bravery, generalship, integrity and elevation of mind, and literary and administrative ability, is a circumstance of which Scotland may well be proud. Lady Napier was present in the House to hear those praises of her husband which must have been so gratifying to her, the attendance of members was very large—as was that of visitors, including many relatives of the officers commended—and the speakers were at once easy and brilliant.

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SIR: I have to acknowledge your note of the 30th ult., and to reply that I do not think the passage about which your friend inquires was ever spoken or written by Mr. Webster. It does not *sound* like him; it is not in accordance with his known opinions; and I do not know where in any of his published works to look for it. But whoever has put it in circulation as his ought to be able to give for it a proper citation.

I will, however, with your permission avail myself of this opportunity to state Mr. Webster's real sentiments respecting the character of the general government, and the character of the states as political communities. He was called, at different periods of his life, to resist an extreme doctrine of state-rights that led to direct obstructions of the powers embraced in the Constitution of the United States; and because he maintained that this Constitution did establish a national government for certain limited and specified purposes, it has been most erroneously assumed in these latter days that his authority can be used to justify acts on the part of Congress toward the states which are entirely inconsistent with the idea that the states have any reserved rights of any kind. Mr. Webster was no extremist on any subject. He took no one-sided views of constitutional questions. He never failed to appreciate and to do justice to whatever in the argument of an opponent was worthy of attention. Mr. Calhoun once said of him, that he had never known a man who had the power of stating the position of an adversary so fully and fairly as Mr. Webster, and that he often stated it better than the adversary himself could have given it. It was this rare faculty, united with the conviction that our political system can only end in conflict and collision if the powers granted and the powers reserved are pursued to extreme points, that enabled him to avoid nice metaphysical subtleties, to keep his feet out of what he called “the traps of general definition,” to “keep to things as they are, and go no further to inquire what they might be, if they were not what they are.”

It may be worth while to recall the circumstances under which, at different periods and toward opposite sections of the Union, Mr. Webster had occasion to resist what was virtually the same in both instances—the doctrine of nullification. In 1830-33 South Carolina undertook to resist the collection of the revenue of the United States within her limits. In 1850-52 certain states of the North, among them Massachusetts, undertook to resist the execution of an act of Congress known as the Fugitive Slave Law. The opposition in both cases was an opposition to the exercise of powers conferred on Congress by the Constitution of the United States; for, although the revenue power is one of the powers expressly enumerated, and the power of extradition is only implied in the clause of the Constitution which stipulates for extradition, it had been repeatedly adjudicated that this power *is* implied, and it had always been exercised. In both cases state authorities undertook to judge whether the powers are embraced in the Constitution, and, on their own judgement that they are not, to resist their execution. It should never be forgotten that it was on both occasions against an encroachment by states on the powers of the general government that Mr. Webster took his stand. He was never called to resist a direct encroachment by Congress on the rights of the states. Were he now living, it cannot be doubted that his mighty voice would be heard in condemnation of much that has

been done within the two years that have just passed over us; and it is capable of easy demonstration, from his known constitutional opinions, that what has been done is entirely inconsistent with any doctrine respecting the nature of the Constitution which he ever held.

Mr. Webster held:

First.—That the Constitution of the United States embraces a grant, by the people of the states which ratified it, of certain specified powers of political sovereignty, to be held and exercised by a government which is, as to those specified powers, supreme and uncontrollable.

Second.—That all other political powers which can be embraced in the idea of political sovereignty are reserved to the states or the people. That this body of residuary powers, so far as it is conferred on the state governments by state constitutions, is perfectly independent of any authority conferred on Congress by the Constitution of the United States. That so far as the residuary powers are held in reserve by the people, Congress is no more their agent to exercise them than are the state governments; for, that the national government possesses those powers which it can be shown the people of the United States have conferred upon it, and no more; just as a state government possesses those powers, and no more, which it can be shown the people of the state have conferred upon it. On this part of the subject his whole doctrine is expressed in one sentence of his second speech on Foot's resolution: “So far as the people have restrained state sovereignty, by the expression of their will, in the Constitution of the United States, so far, it must be admitted, state sovereignty is effectually controlled. *I do not contend that it is, or OUGHT TO BE, controlled further.*”

Third.—That the proper authority to determine, in doubtful cases, how far the powers of Congress extend under the several descriptions or enumerations in the Constitution of the United States is the Supreme Court of the United States. That this authority was stipulated for by the people of the United States when they created the court and defined its powers; and that it is the duty of all state governments, and of all departments of the national government, to follow the supreme judicial interpretation of the Constitution, when one has been given.

Fourth.—That the states, as distinct political communities, “are unquestionably sovereign, so far as their sovereignty is not affected by this supreme law” (the Constitution of the United States).

Fifth.—That while, on the one hand, the whole machinery and harmony of our political system may be dislocated and destroyed by asserting that the state sovereignty embraces a right of defining, and so of curtailing, the powers of the national government, the same effect may, on the other hand, be produced by an attempt on the part of Congress to declare itself supreme in relation to things which the Constitution of the United States has not committed to its legislative authority. That the true way to avoid such consequences is to adhere to the Constitution as it is written, giving it no strained interpretations, and above all never undertaking to act upon the idea that there is any other law which can authorize us to disregard its restraints. “You never need expect from me,” he once said to the people of New York, at Buffalo, “under any circumstances, that I shall falter from it.”

It is thus easy to see that the sentiment imputed to Mr. Webster, which declares that our general government is “federal,” in opposition to “national,” can scarcely be genuine. Undoubtedly he held that the Constitution did establish a “national” government; but the sense and the extent in which he held the people of the United States to be a “nation,” and to be under a “national” government, must be determined by something more than the use of these two terms, *federal* and *national*. It was his habit to avoid such general definitions; to take the Constitution and to inquire what specific powers are enumerated in it; and from these, and from the facts attending its origin and establishment, to determine how far the people of the United States are one people, and how far and in reference to what they are divided into distinct political communities. The true way in which to arrive at the *national* character of the government established by the Constitution of the United States, according to Mr. Webster's views, is to regard the fact, for example, that the coinage power is conferred upon Congress and is prohibited to the states, which makes the people of the United States a nation in respect to the sovereign act of coining money; but it does not follow from this that they are a nation in respect to the sovereign power of declaring the law of marriage, or regulating the descent of property. We

are a nation for limited and defined purposes, and not for all purposes; and it is only by keeping up this distinction that we can preserve what he called "things as they are," and can avoid resolving all political powers into a centralized mass. Whenever, therefore, in the writings of this great statesman the term national is found applied to the general government or Constitution, or he is found speaking of a national sovereignty, it must be understood with this qualification—that in respect to all the powers conferred by the Constitution upon Congress, it is a national Constitution; but that beyond this sphere, there is no national sovereignty that has authorized Congress to exercise any political authority whatever.

I am, very respectfully, your ob't serv't,
GEO. TICKNOR CURTIS.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.*

POETS not seldom have subsided into novelists—what is more, even into good novelists, as witness Alexander Smith and Mr. Bayard Taylor; but not so often do novelists rise to the loftier realms of poesy. Indeed, with the exception of Dr. Holland, who, after publishing what many people in Massachusetts and elsewhere accepted for a novel, has recently crowned his literary labor by the production of what he himself has called a poem, there occurs to us no precedent which George Eliot could have found to encourage her in a somewhat hazardous venture. Hazardous we call it, because the very completeness of her triumph in that department of letters which she had chosen—and choosing, had so splendidly adorned—might have suggested to her the severity of the ordeal which she risked in overstepping its boundaries. Success in any sphere is to most people a sufficient guarantee of fitness for that only, of failure in any other; and once we have adopted the theory, we are slow to accept any disagreeable facts that might tend to weaken or overthrow it. Yet, apart from this, there are no good reasons why George Eliot, granting the accomplishment of verse, should not write poetry. The qualities that go to make the first-class novelist enter largely into the composition of the poet; and in George Eliot's novels moreover, in the affluence of her style, in the intensity and richness of her descriptions, in the incisive brilliancy of her dialogue, in the vividness and force of her imaginative conception, which sets her characters before us as though they were living men and women that we had known and spoken with, there was much that suggested such possibilities of dramatic poetry. Not necessarily of lyric, which seems to us a truer, not a higher, manifestation of the poetic spirit, because evincing more or at least a finer quality of that purely imaginative originality and spontaneity wherein after all consists the true essence of poetry. What poetry is, it is easier to discern than to define; at least no one has yet succeeded in giving us a thoroughly satisfactory definition. It is not enough to say with Milton that it is the result of

"Thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers."

nor with Hazlitt, that it is "the language of the imagination and the passions," or "the natural impression of any object or event by its vividness exciting an involuntary movement of imagination and passion, and producing by sympathy a certain modulation of the voice or sounds expressing it;" nor with Poe, that it is the "rhythmic creation of beauty;" nor even with Ruskin, if our memory serves us to quote him correctly, that it is "the finest possible expression of the finest possible thought." Poetry may be all this, but it is also something more, and each of these definitions, like every other definition we have seen, fails in comprehensiveness. Without attempting to add to the list of these abortions of explanation, we may be content to claim, as we have said, that the real essence of poetry is imaginative originality—*poiesis*—creation. Now, imagination is the faculty which combines and transfigures the materials collected and presented to it by the memory and the intellect, a faculty, moreover, which relies on and complements the imperfection of the knowledge. But of imagination there are two sorts, which we may call, for want of better names, the realistic and the idealistic: the imagination which pictures to us the object, whether as it really exists or in its abstract conception, and leaves us to infer its relations, and the imagination which, gathering and com-

paring all relations, all æsthetic possibilities, so completes and defines to us the object. Necessarily, the former is definite, the latter is vague; but there is in this very vagueness a world of subtle, satiating delight, a charm we find in Spenser and look for in vain through Chaucer, a charm that spreads over the delicious lyrics in *The Princess* an atmosphere of sensuous delicacy that never touches us in *Childe Harold*. Only at intervals of ages comes a divinely gifted singer who combines both these qualities, like Shakespeare, who could give us Titania with the same pencil that drew Macbeth.

This analysis is necessarily imperfect, but it may enable the reader to understand why we consider George Eliot, in what is otherwise a fine poem, to have fallen short of the perfection of poetry. Her imagination, it seems to us, is of the realistic order. She is a Pre-Raphaelite of letters. In picturesque invention, in keen analysis of human motives and human passions, she is entirely at home; but we miss the delicate essence, the subtle aroma of beauty, that resides not in word or thought, but should pervade a poem like the perfume of a flower. Hence her lyrics are for the most part failures, though in point of mechanical execution extremely skilful; the Spanish assonances especially are imitated with much ingenuity. But for the dramatic element it is difficult to find praise too high. The story is calculated to furnish scope for the higher powers of the author, and her execution has not fallen below her conception. Don Silva,

"Born de la Cerda, Calatravan knight,
Count of Segura, fourth Duke of Bedmar,
Offshoot from that high stock of old Castile
Whose topmost branch is proud Medina Celi."

[a halting metaphor, by the way, since the topmost branch is the weakest], in the time of good King Ferdinand, loves Fedalma, a lovely waif reared by his mother as her own daughter. The duke's uncle, Father Isidor, objects to the match on the ground of Fedalma's suspected infidelity, and plots to get her into the grasp of the Inquisition. But her father Zarca, a Zincalo and ally of the Moor, escaping from the dungeons of Bedmar, reveals himself to his daughter, and demands that she shall follow to aid him in his great scheme of building up a nation out of his outcast race. Filial duty smoothes the cry of plighted love, and she flies on the eve of her marriage, leaving Don Silva to follow in hope to bribe her father's consent to the marriage. But he finds the stern gypsy inflexible, and, in his passionate despair, the Spanish cavalier forgets his faith, his honor, his knighthood, and consents to become a Zincalo. Unwillingly he joins in the assault on his own fortress, and is fated to see his uncle gibbeted before his sight in spite of his pleas for mercy. Maddened and despairing, Don Silva stabs Zarca, who, with his dying breath, commands his murderer's release, and commits his people, as a solemn charge, to his daughter, to lead their exodus to the promised land of Africa. At the moment of embarkation the lovers meet once more, and for the last time, Don Silva being on his way to Rome to be absolved; and with this final parting the poem ends in an atmosphere of ineffable tenderness and sorrow.

It will be seen that here is ample material for the artist, and George Eliot has availed herself of it well. The great situations of the poem are three: Zarca's revelation to his daughter and her sacrifice of love to duty, Don Silva's recreancy, and the final farewell of the lovers. The struggle in Fedalma's mind when she is first made aware of the nature of the sacrifice that is exacted of her, her natural clinging to her human love, and her final heroic resolve to abandon all earthly happiness to carry out her father's wishes, are portrayed with the skill of a true artist. Finer still, if possible, is the subtle delineation of the conflict in Don Silva when, the first flush of passion over, he sees more fully the consequence of his weakness. The characters throughout are admirably drawn, as is to be expected from the author of *Felix Holt*—impossible, of course, as the incident on which the action turns is unnatural, but, waiving this, full of life and originality. Zarca is thoroughly unique in fiction, a grand creation, and Fedalma is entirely charming. Don Silva we find less satisfactory. Vacillating, weak, unmanly, he seems to serve only as a foil to the nobleness of his mistress, and the dramatic effect of the poem is even impaired by the impossibility of sympathizing with so irresolute and ignoble a nature. Yet even here one is compelled to admit the fidelity and consistency of the portrait. However false to the higher laws of poetic beauty, Don Silva is true enough to nature in his very masculine weakness; and granting the propriety of the conception, there is little fault to find with its working out. Of course, in point of form and expression, there is little to be said that will not be praise, though the versification is sometimes

rough, and there are more imperfect lines of this sort,

"Not excepted—must be ordered too,"
"In unsuspected secrecy to search him out,"

than we care to find. But these are trivial blemishes; and, on the other hand, we cannot hope to do justice to the richness and variety of the style, or to the wealth of verbal felicity and noble thought which is scattered through the poem. These the reader must find for himself; we can answer for it, that once he takes up the book he will not readily lay it down until he has finished what, if not a great poem, is at least an elegant work of art and a permanent and valuable contribution to English literature.

BEAUMARCHAIS.*

THERE is no portion of French history which has stronger claims upon the attention of the moralist, none more fertile in striking incidents for the writer of fiction, and none which presents a more degrading spectacle of sensuality and vice, of general profligacy and political debasement, of degenerate nobles, ambitious priests, bold intriguing women, and courtiers *sans honneur et sans humeur*, than the latter portion of the reign of Louis XV. Thoughtful and far-seeing men were not wanting—men who foresaw the terrible convulsions by which ancient institutions would inevitably be upheaved; men like D'Argenson, and some few others, who feared not to say that aristocratic exemptions enjoyed by a worn-out and too exclusively privileged class were dangerous; men who, like Mirabeau at a later period, were bold enough to assert that two elements only should be conspicuous in the state, the crown and the nation; but these were only looked upon as dreamers, their warnings were unheeded, their suggestions scoffed at, their projects for safe and gradual reform despised. The king was brought up under the most pernicious influences. Trained to despotism, intellectually weakened by a life of continual debauchery, he was alternately the victim of intriguing councillors and abandoned mistresses; not without intelligence to foresee the horrible abyss into which the nation was falling, he was too lazy and apathetic to exert himself for its preservation; allowing himself to be made the tool of each new schemer, he was content to revel undisturbed in the enjoyment of his own selfish pleasures, and rejoicing with indolent satisfaction in the *sobriquet* of *le bien aimé*, the bitter mockery of which he did not or would not see, he neglected the wise precaution of Henri of Navarre, who never sought to be loved until he had put himself in a position to be feared. It is not difficult to perceive that the great revolution really commenced at this period of universal corruption, and that the monarch who passed his evenings in cooking *ragouts* in silver stew-pans, and his nights in grosser revelries, was in a large measure answerable for the scenes of massacre which subsequently ensued; for the most tremendous chaos that the united wiles and strength of insanity, aided by the most profound combinations of wickedness, ever made of human society; for the four thousand political murders of the assembly; for the exiled nobility, their butchered families and ruined homes; and for the tragic death of the successor of a hundred kings, the overthrow of the monarchy, the suppression of orders, and the moral degradation and brutalization of the people, who, in what they considered the triumph of human rights, justified rapine and murder, trampled upon all laws human and divine, and outraged every feeling of humanity.

The earliest scenes of which we have any record in the extraordinary and checkered life of the satirical dramatist Beaumarchais, occurred while Madame de Pompadour exerted a powerful influence over the king, and through him over the destinies of France. As tutor to the princesses, and in close relation with the court party opposed to the influence of the favorite, Beaumarchais played an active and important, but not openly prominent, part in many of the intrigues which constituted the sole occupation of the circle surrounding the throne, the numerous incidents and extraordinary combinations of which—sometimes tending to great results—are more fully and more amusingly narrated in the *Chroniques de l'œil de bœuf*; but although in the present work the author loses by comparison with the lively and witty French chronicler, his story is marked by greater circumspection, and is therefore more in accordance with the taste of the day. We must, however, object to his tediousness in description, and especially in the conversations accredited to some of the most brilliant men in France. The attempt to put words in the

**Beaumarchais: An historical Novel.* By A. E. Brachvogel. Translated from the German by Thérèse J. Radford. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.

**The Spanish Gypsy: A Poem.* By George Eliot, author of *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.

mouths of such men as Turgot, Morelly, and Malesherbes is extremely hazardous, and it is no wonder that the author should in this have signally failed. Otherwise the book is extremely interesting, and the life of the hero, which extends from the most brilliant period of the *ancien régime*, through all the horrors of the revolution, and down to the days of the Consulate, is closely interwoven with the great events passing at the court of France. It is difficult to determine how much of Beaumarchais's strange story is due to fiction, but certain it is that history will vouch for the truth of a great part of it. His wife is a most charming character, so loving, devoted, and loyal under the most cruel privations, and with strong temptations to error; simple and moderate in her desires, beautiful exceedingly, and content in her very humble home, and yet, when transferred to a scene of comparative splendor, unabashed amid the glare and whirl of fashionable life and unsullied by its corruptions. The characters introduced are so numerous and the plot so complicated that we shall attempt no analysis of the story, round which the author has twined a number of charming little episodes, some of them very romantic and all characteristic of the period. The interview between Beaumarchais and Madame de Pompadour is very skillfully worked up, and the account of the life and death of the dauphin (son of Louis XV.) is equally well drawn.

Beaumarchais assisted at the marriage of the beautiful but unfortunate Princess Lamballe, who manifested through life a firm friendship for him. On his return from Spain, whither he had been called by family affairs, he wrote *The Barber of Seville*, a piece which contained many allusions to the times.

"Marie Antoinette was curious to make the acquaintance of Beaumarchais, sending him word by the princess to inform her 'how Figaro managed to deceive the good Doctor Bartolo,' a character in the play."

"Madame, assure her royal highness that I dare not tell her that, as the doctor, like all old men who have been deceived, is malicious and dangerous. But I have written a comedy in which Figaro's artifices are revealed."

"The Princess de Lamballe was requested to present Caron at Marly, and tell him to bring his piece. For the first time he entered the Pavilion of the Sun under the protection of his patroness. The dauphiness, the Princes de Provence and d'Artois, Conti, and the Duchess de Noailles, first lady of the household, were present. The dauphin, as usual, was absent, busy with his geographical studies, or in his locksmith's workshop, a favorite resort with him, even when a boy at Trignon."

"In this circle it was of course not advisable to manifest the gratification of the listeners. Beaumarchais was seriously asked to read his play, and one witty scene after another was recited by the author. Provence, Artois, and Conti were delighted; the dauphiness was continually pressing her handkerchief to her mouth, in order not to laugh outright. Dr. Bartolo, Figaro, and the distress of Rosina were too plain, and Count Almaviva so knightly that Marie Antoinette wished that 'this lover existed in reality!' Louise de Lamballe blushed, and Beaumarchais bit his lip."

"The portrait Almaviva gave of Bartolo exactly suited Maupeau."

Marie Antoinette desired the author to have the play produced at once, and said she would go to Paris to see it. Maupeau, however, interfered to prevent the performance. By Conti's advice Beaumarchais printed it, and was in consequence sent to the Bastille, in 1773. His *Mariage de Figaro* created an immense sensation in Paris some ten years after, and its history, which occupied the whole of the Parisian populace—according to Baron Grimm—for an incredible space of time during the years 1784 and 1785, is sufficiently amusing. The representation of this piece was contemplated by the court party with as much fear and jealousy as if it had been the immediate signal of the revolution; and their imprudent and inconsistent conduct with respect to its appearance gave it an importance which it did not possess, and actually converted it into the very engine they dreaded.

The character of the Duke of Orleans is consistently sustained. His fate was perhaps one of the few acts of just retribution which marked the terrible period of the revolution. He aspired to the crown, and was content to sacrifice even his own brother to his ambitious schemes, which were deservedly frustrated by the very men whom he had hoped to make instruments for the execution of his designs. At the commencement of the Reign of Terror Beaumarchais found refuge in England, and so escaped the assassination prepared for him by Orleans; while poor Morelly, less fortunate, fell by the hand of the murderers employed by this prince.

"Madame de Lamballe opened this dance of death, followed by the king, the queen, and Princess Elizabeth, and closed by Philippe Egalité. He thought he had removed every obstacle to the revolution, but the testimony of Beaumarchais ruined him. Mirabeau had been poisoned by the instrumentality of Chartres, because the former would not place this 'soul of mud' upon the throne. The evidence, delivered to Caron by Mirabeau the night before his death, and handed at the decisive moment to Anacharsis Cloots, cost the wretched prince his life."

Beaumarchais returned to reside for a short season in Paris, to review in his humble and solitary dwelling the stirring scenes of his earlier days; to dream of the never-to-be-recalled glories of France, of the faithful and devoted wife, his beautiful Suzanne; and the visitor to

Paris who walks through the Boulevard Beaumarchais, to which the residence of the dramatist has given its name, may

"Pay respect to the place where the intelligence, grace, and fidelity of old France last lingered—where passed away one of the most remarkable men of his time, hiding with him many of its secrets—where the great Mozart recognized an abode of the Muses, and associated with his own imperishable genius the name of a true poet and an honest man."

LIBRARY TABLE.

THREE VOICES. By Warren Sumner Barlow, Boston: William White & Co. New York: Banner of Light Branch Office. 1868.—Mr. Barlow having examined the grounds of Christian faith, and seeing reason to doubt the soundness thereof, has taken the pains to set forth his objections at length in one hundred and eighty-four duodecimo pages of very bad poetry. His book is divided into three parts, which are imaginatively called *The Voice of Superstition*, *The Voice of Nature*, and *The Voice of a Pebble*. Of these *The Voice of Superstition* seems to have received much more than its due share of attention, monopolizing one hundred and forty-one pages, while *The Voice of Nature* exhausts itself in twenty-eight, and *The Voice of a Pebble* only lasts through fifteen. Perhaps by this division Mr. Barlow wishes to intimate how in life the voice of superstition drowns the voices of nature and pebbles. In the first part the author vigorously attacks the Bible, and shows, to his own satisfaction, that what the majority of Christians believe is a childish folly, unworthy of a reasonable being, a Bostonian, or a Barlow; in the second part he unfolds to us what we ought to believe to become worthy of the bliss to which good Bostonians and Universalists eventually attain, when, as he finely says:

"The stellar worlds of beauty, all so grand,
Will be our walks of pleasure at command.
We'll leave behind the distant orbs of light,
Like stepping-stones as we pursue our flight;
We'll pat the Bear and Tiger passing up,
And use the Northern Dipper as a cup;

[surely a noble thought]

Then strike the trail where shining comets play,
Their trackless path along the Milky Way.
We then can learn of God among the spheres,
And feel the folly of our early years."

Is not this a glowing picture? and does not every truly catholic spirit yearn for the time when we may enjoy these glorious privileges; when we, too, may pat the Bear and Tiger passing up, playfully pull wool over the Ram's eyes, rub the Lion's fur the wrong way, make love to the Virgin, poke fun at the Archer, and take a drink out of the Northern Dipper with the Waterman? Who wouldn't be a Spiritualist? It is, perhaps, needless to say that Mr. Barlow doesn't believe in the other place at all, and thinks we shall all go to Heaven eventually and have the jolly time he pictures above. *The Voice of the Pebble* seems to be intended to shadow forth, under a graceful veil of metaphor, the singular and unique perfection of Mr. Barlow. He takes a pebble in his hand and he reads in it the lesson of his greatness:

"It says, Throughout this wondrous sphere,
Where'er our thoughts may bound,
To distant worlds, though far or near,
No one like me is found."

We read no further. With sentiments of the profoundest thankfulness we closed the book, and wondered why Mr. Barlow had not been the Lord of Creation instead of the very inefficient tyrant whom his pages hold up to scathing but merited scorn. We don't know; we don't suppose anybody knows, if not Mr. Barlow himself or one of the individuals with ears to whom *The Voices* are "respectfully" and appropriately "dedicated." To them we refer the anxious reader who takes an interest in ingenious combinations of blasphemy and bathos.

The Love-Life of Brig-Gen. Henry M. Naglee, consisting of a Correspondence on Love, War, and Politics. [No imprint.] 1867.—Men do not generally write their love-letters to men. This is the only proof which respect for the sex allows us to entertain that this book is issued by a woman. We learn from a sarcastically feeble introduction that it is a result of the pressure of circumstances—the substitute, in fact, "by the advice of friends" (such friends!) for a withdrawn breach of promise suit, by a plaintiff whose delicacy and refinement, shrinking from a public trial, shrunk into the refined and delicate vengeance of printing six years of private correspondence. The lady's fuleman, who wrote this dirty introduction, implies in it that the earlier publication of the letters would have secured the noble plaintiff ample means; yet we cannot imagine who would buy them. They certainly tend to make their author ridiculous, as a man's love-letters usually must, but this is rather because of their existence than of their contents. They are eminently of the sort that intensely interests exactly one person. More commonplace, indeed, they could scarcely be. The only thing worth remembering is the passage in which the general tells the person addressed not to be afraid of his exposing himself unnecessarily in battle. That is not so bad. But the profound baseness which, of course, underlies all epistles of this chops-and-tomato-sauce order is so well disguised that in truth we are unable to see it. The gist of it all seems to be that some one loved some one else a great deal less in 1864 than in 1858 (or 1848, for all we know to the contrary), and that it took him eighty published and heaven

knows how many unpublished letters to find it out. Such cases exist and are very sad, but they afford little reason for third parties to wade through the letters, except it be under an order of reference from some very expensive court, with fat fees secured and a handsome retainer in advance. We waive, although not for want of an opinion of our own, the question whether any provocation can justify a woman of the least lady-like feeling in publishing such a book as this. It certainly looks as if most people concerned in its production had decided opinions on the subject. The publisher's name is *non est*; the very printer shrinks from this route to immortality. The only name that appears in this bastard among books is that of a woman who copyrights it. Whether it is that of the injured plaintiff we do not know, but expect thanks some day for not giving it. We have only to add, in conclusion, that if the intended defendant is the monster this book would have us to believe, and if the forbearing plaintiff is the woman it tempts us to believe, then the fittest and bitterest punishment of each would be to marry the other.

Problems of the Age; with Studies in St. Augustine on Kindred Topics. By the Rev. Augustine F. Hewitt, of the Congregation of St. Paul. New York: the Catholic Publication Society. 1868.—Two books, in fact, of like tendency, are here bound up in one volume and brought out in excellent style, with borders of angelic beings hovering over the heads of the chapters. The first volume, reprinted from *The Catholic World*, is a discussion of various problems relating "to the harmony and analogy between natural or rational theology and certain doctrines of revealed or supernatural theology." The essay on *St. Augustine*, from *The New York Tablet*, is added "on account of the intimate connection of the topics treated in it." These discussions, though written from the Roman Catholic point of view, are of such a nature as will interest all persons who feel the pressure and weight of the great theological problems of human thought. The author writes in an elevated and philosophical spirit, while thoroughly penetrated with the idea that only in his Church can the full truth be attained. But all Christian believers can go along with him in many of his subtle and philosophical speculations on the Being of God, supernaturalism, the Trinity, the dogma of creation, probation, original sin, redemption, and man's final state. On these points we might also, if that were our province, find much to controvert—several principles not fully established, many phases and turns of thought, mediæval and foreign, not naturalized in the English tongue. But we would rather speak of the high, scholarly tone which, in general, pervades the argument, and of the author's manly and resolute grappling with the problems at issue. The dogmatic scheme of the Roman Catholic Church is ably unfolded, on some of the central truths and doctrines, and in such a method as will command the respect of all qualified readers. In its whole tone and spirit the work is far above the ordinary controversial treatises published in this country on the dogmatic differences between Rome and the rest of Christendom. The essays on Augustine's doctrine are also valuable, though the author is no advocate of the real Augustinian doctrine on sin and grace. Here, in particular, he is unjust toward Calvinism, which he grants is "the most logically consistent of Protestant systems," but which he, almost inexcusably, accuses of being "based on the doctrine of the existence of positive and eternal evil, and, logically carried out, leading to the doctrine of the Manichæans, that there is a self-existent and absolute principle of evil, that is, an eternal and necessary dualism in the order of being." Without entering into the exposition or defence of Calvinism, simple justice compels us to say that this is an entire misrepresentation of the reformed theology down through all its various schools, and that, as a matter of fact, no dogmatic system has labored more diligently to expunge and exclude from the theological creed just this "duality in the one eternal essence of God." It has never represented "the Divine Essence as both good and evil."

The Cruise of the Dashaway; or, Katie Putnam's Voyage. By May Mannering. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868.—*The Cruise of the Dashaway* is a charming story of sea-life, intended no less for the instruction than the amusement of young people, written in a pleasant spirit of cheerfulness and good humor, and agreeable to read as well as to remember. The *Dashaway* is a clipper ship bound for San Francisco, and the captain, a thoroughbred sailor, genial, frank, and kind-hearted, takes with him his wife and his little son and daughter, whose questionings about all the subjects during the voyage give occasion for some instructive information, intended for the benefit of young readers. A young Frenchwoman and a Methodist give variety to the conversation, and a little negro girl, a "stowaway," is very amusing. The minor incidents of the voyage are clearly introduced, and occur naturally, and the reader will feel, as he closes the volume, a regret similar to that which is experienced on parting with pleasant fellow-travellers.

The Modern Representations of the Life of Jesus: four Discourses delivered before the Evangelical Union at Hanover, Germany. By Dr. Gerhard Uhlhorn, first Preacher to the Court. Translated from the third German edition, by Charles E. Grinnell. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1868.—It would be difficult to conceive of four sermons which should put in a clearer and stronger light the position of the Church as she stands at the present day, assailed by the great modern rationalists. The arguments of Renar, Schenkel,

and Strauss could not be met *seriatim* in such limits as these; but they are each dealt with as wholes in a manner whose force and lucidity leave little for the earnest believer to desire. Mr. Grinnell's translation of the learned and excellent Uhlhorn deserves praise for the great care and fidelity which have evidently inspired and attended it.

Familiar Quotations; being an attempt to trace to their source Passages and Phrases in common use. By John Bartlett. Fifth edition. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1868.—This is a new and improved edition of a collection which has gained substantial approval. The notes are entertaining and instructive, the index is copious and intelligible, and the volume is exquisitely printed. No other work of the kind can legitimately compare with Mr. Bartlett's, the one lately printed in London having been in great part borrowed and in some part plagiarized from the volume before us. Every literary man, or man of letters, and every library should possess a book which is unique of its kind and so well done as to leave scarcely anything to be desired to its completeness.

The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.; with a Life of the Author. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Six months or a year ago this book would have been a fresh instalment of wonder to us. Six hundred and fifty pages of clear, excellent type and standard literature for fifty cents! It would have been wonderful then. Now nothing in the way of cheapness is. We think the Appletons must have such work done by dishonest printers, who, being detected in the act of cabbaging, fork out books like this at extra hours on condition of not being exposed. This is pure imagination, but after some pondering it is absolutely the only way we can account for such sinfully cheap publishing.

Poems. By John Edward Howell. In two volumes. New York: Published by the Author. Press of John F. Trow & Co. 1868.—We think Mr. John Edward Howell may be interested to learn that it takes a well-disposed and laborious man exactly four months to read one of these volumes. Therefore, if he had only made one volume of the entire thing we should have been able to express our admiration of his fecundity just about four months ago. If the volume had been very small and the print very large we think we could have admired it still more as well as still earlier. We simply give the above hint to Mr. H. in case he should ever issue any more poems, and we only desire to add our earnest hope that he may not within our own brief span have occasion to profit by it.

The Prince of this World. By Geo. H. Webster, Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Lancaster, Ohio. Cincinnati: John D. Thorpe.—It seems that "Prince" Satan, appointed to be the ruler of this world, misunderstood the grant which God made of this world to Adam, and feared that Adam was to supplant him; and consequently, instead of helping Adam, as he ought to have done, he tempted him, and Adam and Satan both fell together; and thus the origin of evil is, in part, explained. Professed theologians will doubtless subject the ingenious theory of the author to such critical discussion as hardly belongs to the province of this journal.

Sermons by Rev Newman Hall, D.D., of London; with a History of Surrey Chapel, by Dr. Hall. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1868. With a speaking likeness of Dr. Hall.—The many friends and admirers of Dr. Hall will cordially welcome this volume, which contains the substance of the sermons and addresses he delivered, at various places, during his recent visit to this country. The discourses are simple and earnest; but they need the voice and manner of the preacher to give them their full effect. The account of Surrey Chapel shows how much can be achieved by wise and sedulous Christian labor in the most unpropitious parts of a great city.

The Gospel in the Trees. By Alexander Clark. Philadelphia: J. W. Daughaday & Co. 1868.—This volume, by a Methodist clergyman, makes use of various trees, in the way of figure, to illustrate some of the prominent truths of the gospel. The author shows fervor and descriptive talent. The editor, Dr. Reeve, writes in the introduction (p. 8): "Assuming that preachers who publish their opinions are *par excellence* with other authors in the requisite qualifications for their work," etc.

A Practical Grammar of the Hebrew Language. By B. Felsenthal, Ph.D., Minister of the Zion Congregation, Chicago. New York: L. H. Frank. 1868.—The Hebrew language is here taught so as to promote a *living* knowledge of the language. It needs a teacher thoroughly versed in the language itself. The plan includes instruction in reading and writing. It is especially designed for young Jews.

A Selection of Rounds, Canons, and Catches, by Ancient and Modern Composers; compiled as an aid in Teaching Reading at Sight, etc. By Henry Carter, organist, etc., Providence, R. I. New York: H. B. Durand.—A good selection for practice.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

WM. OLAND BOURNE, New York.—The New Yankee Doodle; being an Account of the Little Difficulty in the Family of Uncle Sam. By Truman Trumbull, A.M. Pp. 341. 1868.
G. W. CARLETON & Co., New York.—The Lost Cause Regained. By E. A. Pollard. Pp. 214. 1868.
WM. WHITE & Co., New York and Boston.—Three Voices. By Warren S. Barlow. Pp. 184. 1868.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.—A Tale of Two Cities, and Great Expectations. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated. Pp. 504. 1868.
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—The Lives of General U. S. Grant and Schuyler Colfax. Pp. 362.
The Life of Schuyler Colfax. By Rev. A. Y. Moore. With a portrait. Pp. 394.
JAMES MILLER, New York.—Headland Home. By Madame de Desdormier. Pp. 346. 1868.
LITTELL & GAY, Boston.—Litell's Living Age. Conducted by E. Litell. April, May, June, 1868. Pp. vii, 824.
H. B. FULLER, Boston.—A Man in Earnest; Life of A. H. Conant. By Robert Collyer. Pp. 230. 1868.
LITTELL, BROWN & Co., Boston.—Familiar Quotations. By John Bartlett. Fifth edition. Pp. 778. 1868.
D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—National Academy of Design, Exhibition of 1868. Pp. 103. 1868.

PAMPHLETS.

J. P. PRATT & Co., New York.—Traveller's Official Railway Guide. Compiled and Edited by Edward Vernon.
HOWARD CHALLENGE, Philadelphia.—Island of the Giant Fairies. By James Challenge. Pp. 23. 1868.
T. B. PETERSON & BROS.—Hans Breiman's Party; with other Ballads. Pp. 32.
We have also received current numbers of The Art Journal—London and New York; The Catholic World; The Workshop; The Rebellion Record (Part LXXXIII.); Harper's Monthly Magazine—New York.

TABLE-TALK.

A VERY courteous and appreciative notice of this journal in *The New York World* of July 9 concludes with a good-humored protest against the renewal of the astronomical dissertations which have lately appeared in these columns. "Life is too short," argues *The World*, "for such speculations, and the parabolic curve of too little consequence in the presence of a national debt of such enormous specific gravity." We are free to confess that we can find plenty of subjects more interesting to ourselves personally than astronomical ones, or indeed than any relating to physical science. Possibly, too, such discussions are "caviare to the general." We feel bound, however, to defer in some measure to the wishes, expressed or implied, of our readers; and it is a curious fact that the dissertations on astronomy, gravity, etc., for which we have lately made room have provoked an extraordinary amount of correspondence and agitation, not only on the part of our readers, but on that of others, and that the arguments thus instigated in other journals, home and foreign, have been equally noticeable. As a further apology, we may also say that we prefer, as a rule, in dealing with an important subject, to do so with all possible fullness, to give space to the intelligent ideas of others which may bear upon it, and thus to bring about all the enlightenment which the subject admits, and which our circulation enables us to draw forth. Again, it is no new complaint, yet one as common now as in the days of Galileo, that people habitually refuse to listen to novel theories concerning matters wherein their minds are already made up, and that public journals too often are governed by the same conservative spirit. Hence we have hoped to do some good by opening our columns to opinions and theories of bold and occasionally startling divergence from such as are generally received. We hold that what is true cannot be overturned by discussion; and that what is false ought to be. In dealing with the doctrines and phenomena of spiritualism we have been governed by the same idea, namely, to give all people who are capable of expressing themselves with reasonable intelligence and precision a chance to be heard, however unusual or even bizarre their views. The principle is not unattended with inconveniences, among which that of being flooded from time to time with silly and inadmissible letters is not the least. It may sometimes have happened, too, that the letters we have chosen to print have not been the best possible selections. Our intention has, at least, been a catholic one, and we certainly have not erred on the side of timidity.

WE do not mean to compare the criticism of *The World* to some to which we are about to allude, except in so far as it touches the point of persistence in the discussion of a given subject. The editorial writing of *The World* appears to such conspicuous advantage when contrasted with that of the journalists we are about referring to that the explanation is hardly necessary, but is given to forestall possible misconstruction. It will be remembered that, up to within a few months past, *The Round Table* devoted much space for a long time to philological articles, which were sometimes "editorial" and sometimes contributed by writers who have achieved eminence in that particular field. The topic being one of great comprehensiveness, it seemed out of the question to treat it in any other than a deliberate and, in some degree, in an exhaustive manner. Therefore, although well aware that many readers found the subject tiresome and unpalatable, we persisted in its discussion, because thoroughly satisfied not only of the necessity for thoroughness, by reason of the merits and extent of the topic itself, but of the special need in this community and at this time of just such a discussion. We are well assured that, in spite of frequent objection, these philological papers did a great deal of good in correcting error and stimulating inquiry, and they certainly proved the incentives to similar debates which sprang up all over the country, and whose substantial benefits can hardly be denied. Now, when these articles had been in course of publication for some time many of the little children of the press, who are always crying for something new and who did not find philology "sensational," began to take decided exception. "When," they asked, "are these interminable discussions of Messrs Moon and Gould to cease?" "When," they urged, "does *The Round Table* mean to stop these uninter-

esting and unnecessary articles?" The fun of the thing was that of all the ungrammatical, provincial, and boshy performances ever put forth in the way of journalism in this country—and this is saying a great, great deal—our inquiring friends managed on the whole to be *facile princeps*. No case could be conceived in which objectors to instruction should stand in greater need of receiving it, and where, consequently, there should be greater absurdity in the objection. However, the logic of ignorance, which despises what it cannot understand, and the pious sagacity of the child who promised its mother, if she would not punish it, to experience religion, are too common in our minor journalism to attract more than a passing smile, and are to be corrected, if at all, by the taste of the public and not that of individuals.

THIS is, of course, the greatest government in the world (Monaco and Andorra always excepted), but sometimes it does move in a mysterious way its wonders to perform. The post-office here has long had its one great mystery—yet unsolved—namely, why it used to take a letter two days longer to go up-town than to go to Baltimore or Boston or Buffalo. But lately this aged conundrum has been abolished by new sets of regulations which make it as plain as theory that the post-office is disgusted with the stupid public for not guessing it, and means to send our letters three miles, if necessary, in twenty-four hours. But the stupid public, like the stupid *rois remplis de vaillance* of *La Belle Héliène*, is given one more chance. The present *calembour* is in the shape of a small mark on our postage-stamps. We first noticed it a couple of months ago, and have kept quiet about it in the hope of being the first to solve the great question, "What is it for?" It is a square indentation, or indented square, about the centre of the stamp, which looks exactly as if done with a miniature waffle-iron. The results to the neat caricatures on the faces of the stamps are rather remarkable, suggesting the idea that epidemic small-pox of a virulent type has lately broken out among our lamented patriot forefathers. We are afraid that the gallant Andrew Jackson who carries our city letters must have caught it in stamping some strong Jackson district in the Dutch parts of Pennsylvania at the last election, and have given it to the rubicund Pater Patriæ, the despondent and blue Franklin, and the fraternity generally. At any rate the statesmen all have it badly, and are severely pockmarked. In the private circle of friends to whom we own we gave the first chance at this grand *calembour*, several guesses have failed to give general satisfaction. The explanation we like best is that it is done since the late foreign postal treaties as a matter of international delicacy. Our statesmen are so much handsomer than their sovereigns that they pockmark them in this way to avoid the envy of the ill-natured and ignorant despots who tyrannize in Europe. We respectfully ask Postmaster Kelly whether this is the right solution. If so, we suggest that the principle should be extended to our fifty-cent currency stamps, which must otherwise daily risk the aversion of foreign and Canadian potentates.

ONE feature—in our opinion a very singular one—of the heated term appears to have escaped the notice of the daily papers. We have lived through some tolerably torrid, and some intolerably torrid weather, but we never remember a time before when colored people succumbed to the heat. When all the rest of the population walked out in a par-boiled condition, feeling like so many human puddings in pudding-bags of clothes, Senator Sumner's equals would sit simmering gently in the genial sun, and "tink him berry pleasant wedder." But within the last ten days we have been surprised to note in the terrible daily sun-stroke reports the names of several colored people. There is evidently a powerful element at work, of which chapters are yet to be written. New York luxury and enervation are breeding up a class of city negroes altogether peculiar, and physically and mentally as different from the plantigrade field-hand stock of the South as Abdul Medjid from Genghis Khan; a class full of the civilized refinements of vice, and of the debasement, unnaturalness, weakness, cowardice, cunning, sinuousness, and subtlety of all decaying species. The negroes of the barber-shop and hotel and steamboat, the bucks of Laurens Street, the supporters of the innumerable colored gambling-hells, *et id genus omne*—these are a class so fatally refined away from the coarse healthfulness of the original type that we do not wonder at seeing their last and most tenacious physical virtue depart from them. But when even these are in danger, there is no safety for any head but a cabbage-head. All that poor whites have to do is to wear hats woven of fresh greens, keep in the shade, as directed by our good Dr. Harris, from 11 A. M. to 4 P. M., take a thirty-five-minute sitz-bath every half hour, and be very careful not to over-exert or excite themselves between baths.

SOME time ago we had the pleasure of reviewing a rather remarkable little book entitled *Hints on Common Politeness*, to which we begin to fear we then did less than justice. Certainly calmer inspection has revealed to us a number of merits which before evaded our most careful scrutiny, and especially an elegance of style and a critical acumen which almost tempt us to believe that the anonymous author can be no other than the author of *Vulgarisms of Speech*, or the editor of *The Church Union*. Where, for instance, could we look for a more delicate acquaintance with the *convenances* of life than is evinced in this sage monition: "It is not polite to advertise anonymously for a partner in life."

Few persons of character and respectability resort to this means to obtain a wife or a husband." What keen discrimination too, and knowledge of the world, in this expression of opinion: "It is not polite, when soliciting charity, to carry a baby in your arms. The discerning and intelligent are not thus entrapped." It is not everybody who would have observed the fact that people who are in the habit of soliciting charity with babies in their arms are so strict in their observance of etiquette as to be constantly studying manuals of this description. But the book is published in Boston, which explains the apparent anomaly. Evidently the author is not an LL.D., for he does not scruple to assert that "it is not polite for our literary institutions to confer titles on rich nabobs and dull jackasses, to the neglect of real worth and splendid talents." More emphatically still does the author's modest consciousness of merit appear in the following bitter sarcasm, whose severity and justice remind us of the author of *Vulgarisms*: "It is not polite for ephemeral critics, even if they do belong to mutual admiration societies, to be severe on men of talents who do not coincide in their views or patronize their literary efforts. . . . Sometimes works of real merit are suffered to lie neglected because the authors were too independent to bow down and kiss the feet of Dagon." On the other hand, there is in this admonition a pious indifference to grammar, joined to a robust common sense, of which only a religious editor could be capable: "It is not polite when you meet a sick acquaintance to remark, 'How dreadfully you look!'—'You appear very feeble,' and the like. A man who is ill needs to be encouraged." Here, too, we find the inspiration of *The Church Union*: "It is not polite for a conductor on a car to be cross or crabbed to his passengers," which everybody who has suffered from such crabdness will readily admit. So we are still in doubt. Yet stay—a brilliant thought! Is it not rather the author of that invaluable work which some time ago we noticed, *O Novo Guia a Conversação em Portuguez e Ingles?* Since the date of the publication of that inimitable book the writer has had just about time, we should judge, to learn just enough English to be guilty of *Hints on Common Politeness*.

THE metric system, despite its contemptuous rejection by the intelligent Briton, appears to be making way in other less enlightened communities. A most vigorous opposition failed to convince the North German Union of its defects, and it has been adopted and proclaimed as the law of the land. Unless Congress will spare a little time from electioneering buncombe and senile impeachment projects, we shall speedily find ourselves in this respect in the rear of the world's progress and on a level with the British Empire and Timbuctoo.

WE are informed by *The Louisville Journal* that "sobriety" is necessary to the successful conduct of a daily newspaper. Liking a journal to a ship, it says that the least "inebriety" "on the part of officers or crew may be fatal." We are truly charmed to receive such wholesome moral truths from such excellent authority. If *The Louisville Journal* is not "posted" on this interesting subject, we are at a loss to say who is. Let us all congratulate *The Journal* on its exceptional good luck in escaping mortal peril, its aesthetic purity, its metropolitan catholicity and its Josephian morality.

THE *La Crosse Democrat* is, it seems, to be published in New York. If Mr. "Brick Pomeroy" imagines that he can set up in New York a more silly, trivial, presumptuous, sensational, and contemptible newspaper than any that exists here now he is even more brazen and self-confident than we have supposed him to be.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH has definitely accepted the chair of Constitutional History at the Cornell University. It is a rare thing for an Englishman of Mr. Goldwin Smith's position thus to expatriate himself, and it will undoubtedly attract a great deal of comment and speculation. As, however, we are to be the gainers by it, criticism on this side the water is likely only to be favorable.

WE regret to record the death on Sunday last of Moses Yale Beach, for many years the proprietor of *The Sun* newspaper. Mr. Beach was a native of Wallingford, Conn., which was also the place of his decease. He had long been the victim of paralysis, and was about seventy years of age.

DR. W. T. G. MORTON, for many years a dentist in Tremont Street, Boston, and the reputed discoverer of the efficacy of ether and chloroform as anesthetics in surgery, was killed by sun-stroke in the city of New York on Wednesday, the 15th inst.

MR. LONGFELLOW recently visited Stratford-on-Avon, and, with Mr. E. F. Flower, went over the principal places of interest, taking particular notice of the "birthplace, the home, and the grave of the bard."

DR. M. H. HENRY, of New York, has been elected a fellow and local secretary for New York of the Anthropological Society of London.

EMANUEL LEUTZE, the painter, died at Washington on the 19th inst. Mr. Leutze was a native of Wurtemberg and about 52 years of age.

HUGH DAVY EVANS, ESQ., a lawyer of distinction and author of several law-books, died in Baltimore also on the 16th, in his 75th year. He was professor of lawsome years ago at St. James's College, and was esteemed one of the most learned members of the bar in Maryland.

THE HON. GEO. GOULD, ex-judge of the Court of Appeals and long a resident of Troy, has accepted the presidency of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, vacated by the decease of Dr. T. C. Brinsmade.

MR. ROBERT J. BATES has become a partner in a well-known and long-established publishing house which will hereafter be known under the name of Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

REV. DR. WILLIAM ALLEN, formerly president of Bowdoin College, and since 1839 a resident of Northampton, Mass., died on the 16th inst., at the age of 84.

THE editors, publishers, and printers of New Hampshire hold a state convention at Wolfborough, July 24.

A NEW Chess Club has been organized in London under the name of the "Westminster," and in connection with it a periodical has been started with the title of *The Westminster Chess Club Papers*, the two first numbers of which are on our table. They are handsomely printed and pleasantly written, and contain original games by such well-known players as Anderssen, Boden, Buckle, Wormald, MacDonnell, Bird, Lowenthal, and others. Beside the chess department, some pages are given devoted to whist, and they are evidently presided over by one who, in addition to being an expert, is a gentleman of some humor. We believe there is no other serial publication in existence which devotes regular attention to whist, a circumstance which we should suppose would gain it considerable attention. It is gratifying to observe by the last number that two veterans long eminent in the chess world—Captain Evans and Mr. Lowe—had lately entered the Westminster Club in the respective capacities of visitor and member, and to hear that both gentlemen are still in the enjoyment of their pristine health and vigor. Captain Evans is the inventor of the celebrated gambit that bears his name, and although never claiming to be a player of the first force, has long been known as an *habitué* of London chess circles. He was for years a constant visitor at the large chess and reading room known as the Divan, in the Strand, but went some time ago to Belgium, whence we infer he has lately returned. Mr. Lowe, who must be now past eighty years of age, was considered a short time back the strongest player of his years living. Mr. Lowe's house was the first lodged in by Paul Morphy in London, at the time the youthful champion first made his appearance there and failed to arrange an encounter with Mr. Staunton. Mr. Bird, a brilliant player, whose name figures in the current issue of *The Westminster Chess Club Papers*, was in New York a short time ago, and played a few games with Mr. C. H. Stanley and Captain G. H. Mackenzie, at the New York Chess Club. Mr. Bird, in leaving England, interrupted his match with the celebrated Herr Steinitz, leaving a score, if we remember rightly, of Bird 5, Steinitz 6, drawn 5. We have never heard of the match having been concluded. It is diverting to see that Mr. Staunton somehow manages to be as unpopular with the London chess world as ever. A communication to *The Westminster Chess Club Papers* sets forth the fact in terms sufficiently piquant, and to show with what liveliness chess feuds are kept up in England, in strong contradistinction to the placid and even tenor of American chess-players' ways, we quote as follows:

"Among the four metropolitan chess columns it is but rational to expect that there should exist some diversity of opinion; but, except in one notable instance, there appears an obvious wish to arrive at truth, and a due appreciation of those who endeavor to expound it. In these the editors, for the most part, content themselves with recording instructive opinions of the play, without personal reference to the players, and exercise the power with which their office invests them with laudable discretion.

"The exception referred to has, for so many years, been notorious for pursuing a totally different course, that to those at all acquainted with the recent history of chess in this country it is unnecessary to name *The Illustrated London News*. While every other department of this excellent paper is conducted in such a manner as to render it acceptable to men of all shades of opinion, and a welcome guest in every home in England, the chess column has been made a vehicle for giving publicity to the peculiarly offensive dogmatism and strong personal antipathies of its editor. It is easy to understand that, from the tone adopted by its editor, his chess column should be absolutely void of influence, although, week after week (exhibiting in himself that very charlatanism he so noisily condemns), he claims to be the sole representative of British chess-players. This, too, with the notorious fact confronting him that there is not a chess club of any consequence in London with which he is not now at feud.

"During the past four months the columns of *The Illustrated London News* have been used for the publication of covert insinuations intended to injure the prosperity of the Westminster Chess Club and the reputation of its committee—a committee, be it remembered, the editor described, a few months back, as including among its members all the best English chess-players. Only a week ago there appeared a letter in that chess column, written in a style the characteristics of which remind me of the borrowed elegance and stilted ease of the strolling player. This letter commences with a reference to the establishment of the Westminster Club, which the writer alleges was inaugurated with a flourish of trumpets on the part of a prospectus-monger who destined the association to supply a national want. Now, who was the person who made such an absurd statement as this—that a club formed for the practise of chess, and the social communion of its members, possessed any claim to the regard of the nation at large; who, in fact, flourished the trumpets, and who indulged in the conventional language of prospectus-mongers? Who but the chess editor of *The Illustrated London News*? For the only notice of the establishment of the Westminster Club that ever appeared in print is now before me in manuscript—in his handwriting, and appeared in the chess periodical of which he was then, and is now, the proprietor, and the subscriptions for which—in the conventional language of prospectus-mongers—he has kindly consented to receive."

THE new reading-room of the Bibliothèque Impériale, which has been building for two years past, has just been thrown open to the public. It is a splendid hall one hundred and eighteen feet square, with a large alcove or bow on

the side facing the entrance. In this alcove, which is separated by book-cases and an ornamental screen from the body of the room, are the seats of the officials, and here books are supplied to the readers. A few light and elegant iron pillars support a domed ceiling in which skylights are pierced. The walls above the book-cases, the latter being two stories high and reaching half-way to the roof, are divided into large panels, three on each side the room, and painted with foliage in very doubtful taste. Between the panels are placed twenty-four medallions, each containing a bust of one of twenty-four chiefs of modern literature, according to the authorities of the Bibliothèque. Of these eleven are French. England is represented by Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, and Bacon; not, however, the author of the *Novum Organum*, but Roger Bacon, the fabled inventor of gunpowder. Goethe alone represents the country of Schiller, of Herder, and of Lessing. The tables for the readers are arranged in rows across the room, and will accommodate nearly four hundred students, not quite one hundred more than can be seated at the British Museum. This superiority in point of accommodation is, however, attained by the sacrifice of much of the comfort of individual readers. There is no division between a reader and his opposite neighbor, no cunningly contrived desk on which to place a book, and, worst of all, there is not a piece of blotting-paper to be obtained in the whole room; sawdust, that relic of barbarity, supplies its place. A few low bookcases, separated by light iron doors from the main tiers of bookcases, contain a few books of reference, but these can hardly be more than one thousand in number. For all other works you must apply, as at the British Museum, by writing on a printed form the title of the work required and the name of its author. You are particularly requested, also, to write down the size, the date, and the place of publication. No ticket of admission is demanded as at the British Museum; the library is open to every one over sixteen years of age. A slip of paper or "bulletin" is handed to you at the door, on which you are required to enter your name and address, and on which the titles of the books received by you are also written. On leaving, you return the books, and "rendu" is stamped against their titles. You are not allowed to leave without this "visa" on your "bulletin," which you return to the servant at the door. It is said, however, that these formalities will be abolished, and that the system of admission by tickets, available for a limited period, will be adopted.

THERE is a weekly published in London, called *Engineering*, so superb in its way—we mean in dimensions, plates, and the thoroughly scientific and trustworthy character of its writing—as almost to make the heart ache that journals of similar excellence cannot be supported in this country. A recent number is, however, we venture to think, just a trifle too severe on our American steamships and engines. In this land of high wages, magnificent distances, and pressing necessities, the *quickness* with which a thing is done is usually of more consequence, or thought to be so, than the *way* in which it is done; and, after all, we have set many patterns which the Old World has, possibly, improved upon, but certainly has not designed. But let us listen to *Engineering* in its own words:

"We can say nothing in favor of the American screw-engine, which is but a clumsy copy of the English type. Nor of their large paddle-engines either, at least those of the under-deck arrangement for ocean steamers. The Collins line was always breaking down, the *Pacific* of that line having never been heard of after leaving Liverpool early in 1856, and the *Arctic* having been lost in a collision, although water-tight compartments and bilge-inlets to the air-pumps would, in all probability, have kept her afloat. The *Atlantic* was on one occasion 42 days out, having broken down, and the *Adriatic* was greatly cut about in the construction of her engines, and has never achieved more than average results. The American war vessels, until the recent completion of the *Wampanoag*, have been slow tubs, around which the captains of many of our ships could steam at their leisure, even when the Yankee was under full steam. Even the *Wampanoag*'s engines are enormously heavy for their power, and are excessively over-boilered. The American government should give orders in England for its marine engines. Patriotism is all very well. Mr. Lincoln's government saddled upon the great Pacific Railway the exclusive use, with all their cost, of rails of American manufacture. But in the engines of war-ships the Americans have more at stake than in the strength and durability of the Pacific rails, which will hardly have been three years in use before it will be found that they are failing, as the rails failed last winter on the Erie Railway, and that they must all come up to be replaced with steel, probably of English manufacture. As a matter of economy, English marine engines, taking quality of workmanship into consideration, can be put down in New York more cheaply than engines of the same or other design could be made there, and we have reason to believe, from what we can learn of the American engines, that ours would be found far more economical in working and maintenance."

AMONG recent deaths in England we observe that of Mr. Effingham Wilson, for many years well known as a publisher and bookseller in the Royal Exchange. His uncle was a surgeon of note, and was at one time much talked about on account of his having cut down the body of the famous Eugene Aram from the gibbet where it was hanging in chains in order to possess the skull, which, phrenologically, is a remarkable one. This skull is still in possession of a member of Mr. Wilson's family. The deceased did business as publisher and bookseller in Paternoster Row and the Royal Exchange since about the year 1800, and originally sent forth to the world many books which have since become famous. There was a geniality and kindness of disposition about Mr. Wilson that endeared him to a large circle of friends. He was also full of anecdotes of past celebrities. He would speak of his visit to his friend Bentham, whose body, bequeathed to the cause of science, had been carefully embalmed by Dr. Southwood Smith, and preserved in the clothes worn at the time of his de-

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cease; of a visit paid to him by Colonel Stephenson, A.D.C. to the Duke of York, who went to the Royal Exchange for the purpose of horsewhipping the man who had the audacity to publish a book reflecting upon H.R.H., but who left the city without accomplishing his purpose. He would show the bust of Lafayette, which he received with a complimentary letter from the marquis. In short, he may be regarded as one of the links connecting the past with the present. He was blessed with excellent health, and was happy in his family—a large one, fifteen children—and has left behind him twenty-five grandchildren. His third son, Mr. Wm. Wilson, who was with his father for twenty-five years, still continues the business under the old name.

We perceive that a parody of Mr. Boucicault's drama of *Foul Play* (Mr. Charles Reade's drama, contrary to the original intention, being a distinct piece, in consequence of a misunderstanding which is variously represented) has been produced at the Queen's Theatre, London, under the title of *Foul Play; or, Chikkin Hazard*. This is, of course, partly suggested by *Punch's* singularly funny burlesque, and no doubt the materials are ample for whimsical effect; yet it has seemed to us throughout that all these travesties of an already ludicrous original are very much after the fashion of gilding refined gold, etc. *The London Review*, however, says the burlesque is full of the wildest practical fun, the island and all that pertains to it being like a comic scene in a pantomime. The dresses of the men, it says, though cut in the fashion of the day, are made of the brightest satin; and the scenery is painted and constructed in the same spirit of jocularly. That part of the story which takes place on the island—a part that Mr. Boucicault and Mr. Reade appear to regard with different degrees of affection in their two separate dramatic versions of the story—is made fun of without mercy or reason in Mr. Burnand's burlesque. The only thing that now remains to do with this unique production would seem to be to make it the subject of an *Opera Bouffe*; and we present the idea to Mr. Bateman in order that he may immediately put it in train at the busy workshop of M. Offenbach.

It is perhaps not generally known in this country that an Aeronautical Society exists in London which, undismayed by years of failure and numerous costly experiments, still continues its efforts to discover a means whereby man may fly in the air. We learn from *The Times* that the professors and amateurs of this society held their concluding exhibition meeting at the rooms of the Society of Arts, Mr. Le Feuvre occupying the chair. A number of papers were read and discussed; and the unsatisfactory results of the Crystal Palace experiments do not appear to have in the least disheartened the members, most of whom have devoted years of study to the subject. "We imitate the fishes of the sea, why not the fowls of the air?" is the question they are now seeking to answer; and Mr. Stringfellow, who proposes to test his model during July, warmly contended that a man will ultimately be taught to fly as easily as he can now learn to swim. The bold flights of these aspiring savans, though calculated occasionally to provoke an incredulous smile, were, as at the former *salutes*, all successful on paper. Mr. Spencer gave an account of a trial of his machine which took place a fortnight ago at the Crystal Palace, in the morning at six o'clock, but the experiment was made under adverse circumstances, and did not succeed. Mr. Stringfellow created some amusement by stating that they had locked him up in a room at the Crystal Palace, and so prevented him from throwing off his apparatus for navigating the air.

PEOPLE do all manner of foolish things in England as well as in this country. We believe that faro-banks are rigidly tabooed there, so that we do not hear of the cases so common with us of pigeons being plucked at that particular game. There are others, however, equally efficacious. Three weeks ago, in the streets of Portsmouth, Lieutenant

Burton was met by a flashily-dressed man who gave him a card and told him that there was a roulette table at a certain place. The bait took, and the officer at once went to a tavern, where he met two other flashily-dressed men, and he foolishly lost £310 at the game. The men, of course, made tracks at once; but the officer went whining to the police, who succeeded in capturing two of the roulette men at Portchester. Upward of £300 was found on them. They were remanded for a week, in the hope that at the expiration of the time the third man may be captured.

THE scheme for a sub-marine tunnel to connect England and France *via* Dover and Calais is again under consideration, and it is said, will certainly be carried out. The promoters are now, as we are informed, in communication with the governments of the two countries with a view to obtaining engineering assistance to enable them to carry out further experiments, and it is understood that the French authorities are disposed to comply with the request made, provided it be favorably entertained by those of England. We should suppose, in the event of successful accomplishment, some embarrassments might arise in case of war between the two powers; yet let us hope that as a fresh connecting link between Albion and her ancient foe the tunnel will be in fact what it is sure to be so frequently styled at celebrations and dinners, a pledge of lasting peace.

It seems a curious expedient to remove the place of publication of a popular journal or magazine from the town with which its name may for years have been connected, and to the peculiar flavor and associations of which its success has perhaps been largely attributable. Yet *Blackwood*, *The Edinburgh*, and *The North British* are now, we think, all published in London, and, stranger still, *The Scotsman* has just been removed thither. Says *The Bookseller*:

"It is no use contending against fate; London is the natural home of the Scot; and, consequently, he will have his paper. *The Scotsman* is now published every evening in Fleet Street, and before long we shall find a morning edition competing with *The Times*, and reducing the circulation of *The Daily Telegraph*. There is a vigor about our northern contemporary, and an originality, which some of our London papers will do well to study." Thus there is trans-Atlantic precedent for a notorious instance referred to elsewhere.

AN enthusiastic reception was lately given at Cologne to the German poet Freiligrath, on the occasion of his first setting foot on German soil after a residence of many years in London. About two hundred ladies and gentlemen from various parts of Germany assembled at a banquet given in honor of the poet by his friends and admirers in the Rhine provinces. The principal toast was given by Herr Classen-Kappellmann, celebrated for the prominent part he took in the anti-Bismarkian demonstration of the Prussian Parliament in 1866, and at the end of his speech he presented Freiligrath with a handsome silver goblet, two feet high, on which was an inscription in verse welcoming the poet back to his native country.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & CO. have lately moved the vice-chancellor (Gifford) for an injunction to restrain Messrs. Ward, Lock & Tyler from publishing *The Guardian Angel* of Dr. Holmes, the copyright in which, it was said, had been purchased by the plaintiffs. The defendants said that the work was originally published serially in *The Atlantic Monthly*; that before they printed copies of it they had never seen it printed in a separate form; they insisted that the work was an American story pure and simple, and that therefore there was no copyright in it. Mr. Druce and Mr. Speed were for the plaintiffs. Mr. E. E. Kay and Mr. Westlake, for the defendants, contended that an alien could obtain British copyright in a work only by publishing it first in the British dominions. Dr. Holmes published all *The Guardian Angel* except the last six chapters first in America. These chapters he published first in Montreal.

The copyright, if any, of the plaintiffs being indivisible, the court could not grant an injunction with reference to the last six chapters. The vice-chancellor, however, granted an injunction with reference to them.

A MAN once highly celebrated as the editor of *The Age* newspaper, Mr. Charles Molloy Westmacott, has lately died in Paris at the advanced age of eighty-one. *The Age* was not quite so flagitious as *The Satirist*, but by the undisguised nature of its personal attacks it kept its editor in perpetual hot water. Mr. Charles Molloy Westmacott was a notability, and there is a graphically etched portrait of him in the "Croquis" gallery of *Frazer's Magazine*. After a fitful and meteorlike career, he faded away into complete obscurity and all but complete oblivion in Paris—the city, *par excellence*, where, if a man wishes to be forgotten, he may imbibe the waters of Lethe. In Paris, too, as attested by the fact, died Caleb Colton, the author of *Lacon*, and Lewis Goldsmith, the libeller of Napoleon. Of these two notoriety Mr. Westmacott was the contemporary; yet Colton has been dead nearly forty years, and Goldsmith more than twenty. In Mr. Westmacott a journalist of a type now quite extinct in England has passed away.

WE record the death, at Torquay, of the Rev. Robert Vaughan, D.D., at the age of 73. He was the author of a *History of England* from 1603 to 1698, published by the Useful Knowledge Society; *The Stuart Dynasty*; and *The Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell*, and in this was one of the earliest of modern writers to discover that the Protector's character differed materially from that sketched by the Royalists. Also a *Life of John Wycliffe*; and, more recently, *The Revolutions of History*, in three volumes. He also wrote a large number of religious works, and was the founder of *The British Quarterly Review*, which he edited for twenty-one years. He at one time held the office of professor of history in the London University, and was principal theological professor in the Lancashire Independent College.

At the banquet to Mr. Cyrus Field the Duke of Argyll despatched a friendly message to a daughter of Mr. Field who remains at home. The young lady returned this answer:

"NEW YORK, 4:05 P. M.—I thank you most sincerely for the kind words you have spoken of my father, causing me to feel that we are friends, although our acquaintance is thus made across the sea and in a moment of time."

WE are informed by *The Rhenish Gazette* that it is intended by one of the largest printing-offices in Düsseldorf to supply the want of expert and willing compositors by making arrangements for bringing up girls in this branch. Germany is behindhand in this respect to England and America.

THE REV. ORBY SHIPLEY, the editor of *The Church and the World*, was married on the 16th inst., at St. Alban's, Holborn, by the Rev. A. H. Machonochie, to a daughter of the late Right Hon. J. Wilson, M.P., the founder, and for many years the editor, of *The Economist* newspaper.

The Petit Journal, of Paris, whose number is said to be something like 300,000, is printed on four Marinoni machines, which print 9,000 sheets per hour. Each sheet contains four numbers, so that they are able to print at the rate of 36,000 per hour.

MR. R. H. HORNE, author of *Orion*, is about to return from his long sojourn in Australia to his native land. The Duke of Edinburgh is said to have written a very kind letter to the poet, regretting his inability to offer Mr. Horne a passage home in the *Galatea*.

MR. SPURGEON, the H. W. Beecher of England, has written a highly sarcastic letter to *The Times* about the Bishop of Oxford.

HERR WAGNER is about to publish a new book, with the title of *German Art and German Politics*.

The Secret of making the most Exquisite fragrance imperishable has been discovered. Phalon & Son's Extract of the *FLOR DE MAYO* not only surpasses all other perfumes in luxurious richness, but withstands the action of the atmosphere and can only be eradicated by washing.

Lorillard's Yacht Club Smoking Tobacco contains orders which entitle the finders to genuine meerschau pipes, carved after an original and appropriate design by Kaldenberg & Son, who warrant every pipe as being of the best material. The Yacht Club Tobacco is sold everywhere. Pipes are delivered from our store, 20 Chambers Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1868.

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FINE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN BOOKS,

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(Late T. W. REEVE),

IMPORTER OF LONDON BOOKS,

138 Fulton Street, New York.

Vol. 8. THE ROUND TABLE. Vol. 8.

From *The New York Leader*, June 27, 1868.

"*The Tribune* says there is great need for a good literary weekly journal. *The Round Table* was just such a 'good journal' until it had the clever criticism on H. G. which a few weeks ago we copied."

Extract from the Proceedings of the Georgia Historical Society, Savannah, May 18, 1868.

"... Mr. B. Mallon said that there had been some talk with reference to *The Round Table*, a literary paper published in New York, and some of the members were desirous of having it introduced in the city, and especially among the members of the Society. It was equal to any of the best London publications, and should have a widely extended influence.

"Mr. Lancaster spoke in favor of the journal, as did also Dr. Charters.

"Mr. Mallon offered the following resolution, which met with general approbation:

"Resolved, That we commend to the attention of the members of the Historical Society, and to our citizens generally, *The Round Table*, a weekly paper of a very high literary character, eminently deserving a place in every cultivated family in our city."

Extract from a letter of the late Fitz-Greene Halleck, dated October 26, 1867.

"I value *The Round Table* very highly indeed. It equals *The London Spectator* and excels *The London Saturday Review*. If persevered in, it will create and command its own public, in a short time—a public composed of our most intelligent classes—of those to whom the purely, or rather impurely, party newspapers are a nuisance."

Extract from Mr. Fred. S. Cozens's preface to *Father Tom and the Pope*, second edition, p. xii.

"*The Round Table*, . . . a review that has blood and marrow in it, for it does not hesitate to speak right out in a straightforward, manly way, and say 'That is wrong,' when it has reason to say so."

From *The Imperial Review*, London.

"The only journal which adequately represents American education and culture."

From *The Anglo-American Times*, London.

"It comes nearer to the standard of excellence attained by the chief London weeklies than the New York daily press does to that of the leading London dailies. It is characterized by the strongest and freest expression of truth; commenting without fear on social, political, and moral delinquencies."

From *The Richmond Enquirer*.

"This paper combines all the piquancy and variety of the best weeklies with the dignity and learning which belongs to a quarterly review. We have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that it is the best literary paper, in all senses, published in the whole of the United States."

From *The New York Times*.

"*The Round Table* has become such a weekly journal as has been for a long time needed in the United States—a journal which has the genius and learning and brilliancy of the higher order of London weeklies, and which, at the same time, has the spirit and the instincts of America."

THE GREAT PRIZE.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, Paris, 1867.

THE HOWE MACHINE CO., ELIAS HOWE, JR., 699 Broadway, New York, awarded, over eighty-two competitors, the Highest Premium, THE ONLY CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR AND GOLD MEDAL given to American Sewing Machines, per Imperial Decree, published in the *Moniteur Universel* (official journal of the French Empire), Tuesday, 2d July, 1867, in these words:

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Manufacturer of Sewing Machines, Exhibitor.

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JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer.

New York, June 18, 1868.

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